



Woodsmen, 1949

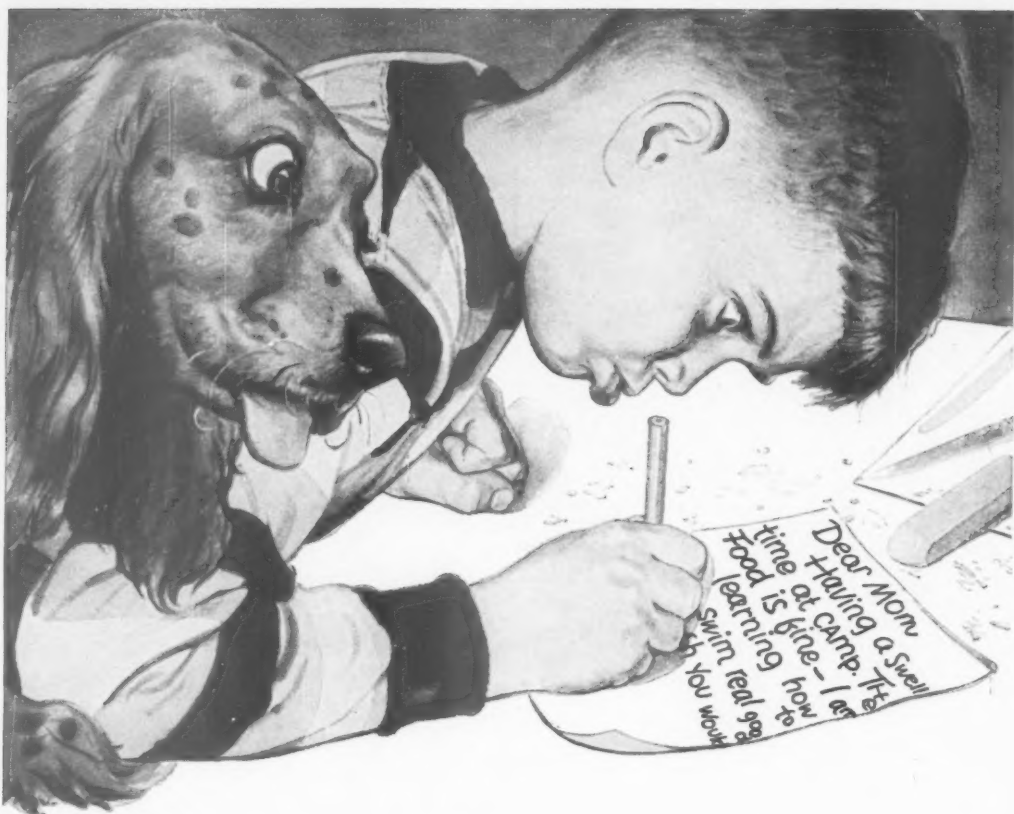
The Rotarian

OCTOBER ■ 1949

PAUL-HENRI SPAAK . . . *Marshall Plan and Europe*

WALTER B. PITKIN . . . *America's Open Secret*

PAUL W. KEARNEY . . . *'Cows' Up a Tree*



What Makes Buzzie write Like this?

BUZZIE is just learning to write.

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Talking It Over

LETTERS FROM
READERS OF THE ROTARIAN

Approves Educational Support

Says A. EWING KONOLD, Rotarian
High-School Principal
Santa Monica, California

May I take this opportunity as an educator of expressing to you my personal appreciation for the excellent editorial in THE ROTARIAN for September relative to the needs and challenge of public education in the United States [see Last Page Comment].

While for many reasons I am very proud of Rotary Club activities, it gives me additional pleasure to see the editorial support of Rotarians in the real challenge of providing adequate and proper education to our children so that they may continue the traditions of our great country and be adequately prepared to carry on their trust and responsibilities for their heritage.

We Use Men Teachers

Says L. A. BARRETT, Rotarian
Superintendent of Schools
Salida, Colorado

We in Salida were particularly interested in your debate-of-the-month about men teachers in THE ROTARIAN for September. We can't resist the temptation to tell you that 13 of the 16 Salida High School teachers are men. The entire system has 17 men teachers out of 40, including a man principal. . . .

Ours is a high school of about 300 pupils, and the fine thing about the men teachers is that they tend to stay in the community—many having taught together for about 20 years. Most of them live in the community, belong to organizations, and have families.

We firmly believe that our men teachers have reduced our discipline cases, and I am sure they have made it possible for our lads to get some fine training from the masculine point of view.

It takes more money in salaries to get and hold men teachers, but we believe it is money well spent.

Light Misplaced

Believes C. U. SHOREY, Rotarian
Photographer
Lancaster, New Hampshire

In THE ROTARIAN for September I find a very lovely picture of Cape Ann Light purported to be located at New Gloucester, Maine. As New Gloucester, Maine, is an inland town some 20 miles from the ocean, I am wondering if this is not the light at Gloucester, Massachusetts, which I believe is Cape Ann Light, though I have never seen it.

A Navigational Error

Pointed Out by CLINTON B. CONWAY
Electrical Engineer
Secretary, Rotary Club
Kingsville, Maryland

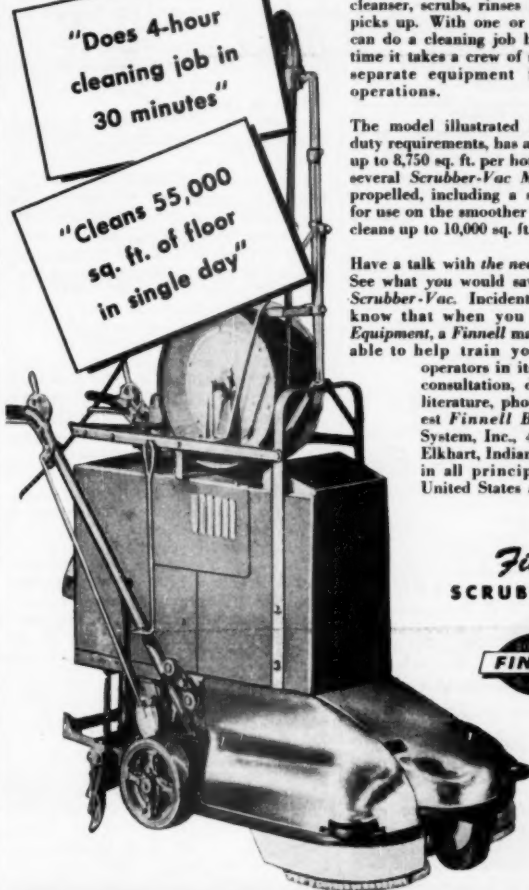
After reading the description of the picture on page 7 of THE ROTARIAN, entitled *Cape Ann Light*, I suggest that a suitable navigation award be given to

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30 minutes"

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the Editors for their reading of the *Light List*. A seaweed wreath with cod skins might be appropriate. Charts indicate that they are about 100 miles off course and 13 miles up the Royal River.

In short, Cape Ann Light is at Gloucester, Massachusetts, not at New Gloucester, Maine, as stated.

Eds. Note: The Editors' travel folders have new marginal notes as a result of a misreading of the *Light List* of points in and around Gloucester, Massachusetts! Their only explanation is that information accompanying the photograph was in error.

Pertinent Questions

From ARCHIE S. McNEILL, Rotarian
Realtor
Orange, Texas

I have just read in THE ROTARIAN for August the article *Is This Your Jail?*, by Melvin L. Hayes. I would like to ask Mr. Hayes: "Are these jailers Americans? Are they elected by American voters? Or appointed by elected officers? Are these jails approved by those in authority?"

If jails are as he reports, why don't the voters make the changes in officers?

Action at Local Level

Carried On by W. E. GEST, Rotarian
Owner, Stoker Company
Defiance, Ohio

After reading *Is This Your Jail?*, by Melvin L. Hayes in THE ROTARIAN for August, I went to our local jail and made a thorough investigation. I found everything immaculately clean and in good order. I found but one prisoner, a man who was jailed the second time for indecent exposure to small girls. I gave him a heart-to-heart talk and took some good reading matter to him.

I made an appointment with our local State representative today with a view of promoting legislation suggested by James V. Bennett. Both our representative and sheriff are men of the highest ideals and I hope to get good results.

185 Men, 100 Classifications

Notes RAY HORSEFIELD, Clergyman
Secretary, Rotary Club
Flin Flon, Manitoba, Canada

I have just been looking over the Governors of Rotary International Districts for 1949-50 [see THE ROTARIAN for August for their pictures] and am surprised

to find that among 185 names there are nearly 100 different classifications.

There are 16 lawyers; 14 educators; 12 doctors; 9 insurance men; 7 bankers; 5 each of lumber dealers, contractors, newspaper publishers, auto dealers, and preachers; 4 in the post-office service; 3 each of dentists, accountants, and notaries public. Fifteen classifications are represented by 2 men each, and no less than 59 classifications have produced one Governor each.

It seems to me that this speaks very well for the general recognition by Rotarians of the "worthiness of all useful occupations."

Re: 'Foreigners' in Rotary

By T. ARTHUR MCCREA, Rotarian
Farmer
Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada

In Last Page Comment in THE ROTARIAN for August appeared this quotation from Angus S. Mitchell, Immediate Past President of Rotary International: "There are no foreigners in Rotary; indeed, the most foreign word in Rotary is 'foreigner.'"

Yet—I, a Canadian, and another guest from Hong Kong were recently introduced at a Florida Rotary Club as two foreigners. Let us hope that the exception proves the rule. Certainly, both being Britishers, we were shocked.

Who's a Member of Rotary?

By WILFRED H. WILLIAMS, Rotarian
Shoe Retailer
Finchley, London, England

For the last few years I have counted it a pleasure to receive regularly a copy of THE ROTARIAN and I have found inspiration and great enjoyment in reading it. Consequently, as a very ordinary, but I hope enthusiastic, member of Rotary International, I was greatly perturbed to see it stated authoritatively, in reply to a question, in *Little Lesson in Rotary* in THE ROTARIAN for June, that a Rotarian is not a member of Rotary International, but that the Club he has joined is a member of that august body.

This is entirely contrary to my humble conception of what happens when a man is inducted into Rotary and cuts right across the fundamental principles of Rotary itself, as I understand it.

From the day of my induction, I have



"You two together?"

been very happy and proud to think that I—not my Club—was an actual member, no matter how insignificant, of a body of men (not Clubs) banded together to encourage and foster the ideal of service, in every walk of life, through the development of friendship and the application of the simple ideals of honesty, truth, and integrity, in all our dealings with our fellowmen and, further, that the name of that body of men, was Rotary International. . . .

EDS. NOTE: Because Rotarian Williams' query pivots on a Rotary fundamental, we answer it by quoting from Rotary's basic document, the Constitution, Article IV, Section 1:

"The membership of Rotary International shall consist of Rotary Clubs which, having agreed to be bound by the Constitution and By-Laws of Rotary International and having been granted a certificate of membership, continue to perform the obligations as set forth in this Constitution and By-Laws."

Section 3: "A Rotary Club shall be composed of men with the qualifications herein-after provided and no Club shall be qualified for membership in Rotary International unless the qualifications of its active members are substantially as follows. . . ."

A Protest on a Picture

From P. E. ARSENAULT, Rotarian
Restaurateur
Baie Comeau, Quebec, Canada

Allow me to draw your attention to the picture in *Odd Shots* representing a Quebec poorly spelled restaurant sign [THE ROTARIAN for July].

Personally, I am a very broad-minded Canadian of French origin, but when I saw that picture I did not like it because it struck me as though it were a mockery of a man who at least is trying his best to give service to his customers. If I thought thus, I know personally the feelings of a large majority of the French element of this Province would be a lot stronger than mine. . . .

We would appreciate very much for Rotary's sake that in your next issue of THE ROTARIAN a mention would be made that the said picture was not intended for what it may have been taken by many.

EDS. NOTE: Our apologies. The photo in question (English Spelling) was published as an instance of humorous results that sometimes arise when one tries to learn a new language. Perhaps the most bizarre examples are provided by those whose native language is English who attempt to speak French.

McNamee Village 'An Inspiration'

Finds E. W. BLUM, Rotarian
Executive Director
Housing Authority
Houston, Texas

The splendid article *From Slums to McNamee Village*, by Edward P. Dimbleby [THE ROTARIAN for July], is an inspiration to those of us who are also trying to rid America of cancerous slum areas in the heart of our great and prosperous cities. It is easy to discern from Rotarian Dimbleby's article that he knows the problem from firsthand experience and, therefore, could describe so well the effect of slums on the people. You just can't know this problem and then be content to let it remain.

Rotary would, of course, be in on helping to provide medical care and make a good life available to these South African families. I wonder

whether many of our American Rotary Clubs are interested in the problems confronted by those managing public-housing projects in this country where all the families have come from slum areas and bring with them some of the attendant ills that grow in such places? Not a bad project for some Club.

Reprimand Remembered

By GEORGE F. FLEMING, Rotarian

Photographer

Sidney, British Columbia, Canada

The final paragraph of Last Page Comment in the May issue refers to a

speaker trying to entertain a Rotary Club by using foul jokes. The reprimand he got was perfect. It brings to my mind a true story in which I played the part of the villain. It happened more than 30 years ago and since that time I have been very careful what kind of a joke I repeat.

I had an appointment to make some photographs of members of the midway at the fair grounds in my old home town. On my way to the grounds I stopped to talk with the young man who had charge of one of the turnstiles. While we were talking, something prompted me [Continued on page 54]

Where to Stay



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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A Press Report Corrected

WHAT happened at the New York Convention to "He Profits Most Who Serves Best"?

A number of Rotarians, misled by erroneous press-association reports, have written to find out. For answer we quote from a statement by President Percy Hodgson and General Secretary Philip Lovejoy.

A brief summary of what happened is that the Rotary Club of London, England, offered a Resolution to the New York Convention that would discard the phrase "He Profits Most Who Serves Best." That phrase never was adopted as an official motto of Rotary. It has been coupled for years with the phrase "Service above Self." Traditionally the two phrases have been used as so-called mottoes and have appeared on Rotary International letterheads and in the literature of Rotary International.

It is specifically stated in the "Manual of Procedure" that the phrase "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" is not the property of Rotary International. It was used by Arthur Frederick Sheldon in a talk before a Rotary Convention back in 1910. It caught on and has been used since.

In 1929, at the Dallas Convention, there was a Resolution offered by Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland to discontinue the use of the motto "He Profits Most Who Serves Best," but this Resolution was rejected.

This year when the proposal came up, the Board, having noted difficulties over the years in translating the phrase into languages other than English, there having been frequent reports on this difficulty, decided to request the Secretary to cease using the phrase in the official literature of R.I., but with the proviso that present supplies could be used so long as they lasted.

When the Resolution was presented to the Council on Legislation, the Chairman read the action of the Board, whereupon the representative of the proposing Club of London, England, moved that the Resolution be withdrawn. The Council agreed and later the Convention concurred in the withdrawal. That's all there is to it. The Board did not take any action which would restrict any Club or Rotarian from using the phrase. . . .

That action did not envisage any policy with reference to the profit motive, or private enterprise, or any other economic plan of action. It did not negate the validity of the phrase "He Profits Most Who Serves Best." The Board merely said to the Secretary, "Don't publish it any more since there is difficulty of translation."

A Little Lesson in Rotary

¿Qué pasó en la Convención de Nueva York con "Se Beneficia Más el que Sirve Mejor"?

Varios rotarios, desorientados por informes erróneos de prensa, han escrito pidiendo aclaración. En respuesta transcribimos parte de una declaración del Presidente Hodgson y del Secretario Lovejoy.

En breve, lo acontecido es que el Rotary Club de Londres presentó un proyecto de resolución a la Convención de Nueva York para que se descartara la frase "Se Beneficia Más el que Sirve Mejor". Dicha frase jamás fue adoptada como lema oficial de Rotary. Se la ha unido durante varios años con la frase "Dar de Sí Antes de Pensar en Sí". Tradicionalmente se han empleado ambas frases como lemas tácitos y han aparecido en el papel de correspondencia de R. I. y en la literatura de R. I.

Se expone de un modo expreso en el "Manual de Procedimientos" que la frase "Se Beneficia Más el que Sirve Mejor" no es propiedad de Rotary International. La empleó Arturo Federico Sheldon en una charla pronunciada en 1910 en una convención rotaria. Gustó y se ha venido empleando desde entonces.

En 1929, en la Convención de Dallas, Rotary International en la Gran Bretaña e Irlanda presentó un proyecto de resolución para que dejara de emplearse el lema "Se Beneficia Más el que Sirve Mejor", que fue rechazado.

Este año, cuando surgió la proposición, la directiva, habiendo advertido las dificultades que en el curso de los años se han presentado para traducir la frase a idiomas distintos del inglés, y existiendo frecuentes informes sobre estas dificultades, decidió pedir al secretario que deje de usar dicha frase en la literatura oficial de R.I., pero con la salvedad de que las actuales existencias de material puedan aprovecharse hasta que se agoten.

Cuando el proyecto de resolución fue presentado al Consejo de Legislación, el presidente leyó el acuerdo de la directiva, en vista del cual el representante del club proponente de Londres, Inglaterra, pidió que dicho proyecto de resolución se retirara. El Consejo consintió y, posteriormente, la Convención aprobó el retiro del proyecto. Esto es todo lo que ha pasado. La directiva no tomó ningún acuerdo que prohíba a ningún club, ni a ningún rotario servirse de la frase. . . .

Tal proceder no tiene en mira ninguna política con referencia al móvil del lucro en los negocios, ni al sistema de empresa privada, ni a ningún otro plan económico. No negó la validez de la frase "Se Beneficia Más el que Sirve Mejor". La directiva simplemente dijo al secretario: "No la publiqué más puesto que hay dificultades para traducirla".

If you want further opportunity to "read Rotary" in Spanish, you will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, Rotary's magazine published in that language. A one-year subscription in the Americas is \$2.

Si desea usted más oportunidades de "leer Rotary" en español las encontrará en REVISTA ROTARIA, la revista de Rotary editada en el mencionado idioma. La suscripción anual en el continente americano cuesta \$2.



■ **WALTER B. PITKIN** is perhaps best known as the man who took psychology out of the classroom and made it a household word by writing some 50 books on the subject, including the best-seller *Life Begins at Forty*. Apart from psychology, he has long studied and written about U. S. industrial techniques. After 38 years as a Columbia University professor, he moved to California for the life of a rancher.



■ **DAVID DRESSLER**, an authority on parole and prison work, is an avid student of criminal and civil law. Former executive head of the New York State Division of Parole, he has written over 100 technical articles on crime, prisons, parole, and education. After teaching for ten years at Columbia University, he decided that New York Winters weren't for him; he is now on the University of Southern California faculty. His hobby, he says, is "people, people, people."



■ **ELMER F. LAYDEN** KNOWS football as both a player and a coach. One of the famous "Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame, he later coached the "Fighting Irish" to 47 victories. This candid photo shows him during a tense moment in his coaching career. In 1941-46 he was commissioner of the National Professional Football League. A former South Bend, Indiana, Rotarian, he is now a Chicago businessman.

The color photo on the cover was taken by L. WILLINGER and furnished by the Shostal Press Agency of New York City.

In This Issue

VOLUME LXXV OCTOBER, 1949 NUMBER 4



A Press Report Corrected	4
No Escalator to Heaven	Ernest Haycox 6
A Continuing Story in Rotary	Frontispiece 7
The Marshall Plan and Europe Today	Paul-Henri Spaak 8
Enricher of Lives	T. A. Warren 11
Productivity Is America's Open Secret	Walter B. Pitkin 12
'Cows' Up a Tree	Paul W. Kearney 15
Philip Barling	17
Joey—Baby on Probation	Pictorial 18
Eugene Unsnares Its Traffic	Bill Dean 20
Rotarians in the News	23
Socialized Medicine in Britain (Debate)	
Plan Starting Smoothly	Dr. Stephen Taylor 24
Endangers the Nation	Sir Ernest Graham-Little 25
You Wouldn't Know the Old Town Now!	John M. Gibson 26
Give Your Coach a Break	Elmer F. Layden 29
Make a Will!	David Dressler 32
Peeps at Things to Come	Hilton Ira Jones 35
This Rotary Month	36
Young Eyes on U. N.	37
Looking at Movies	Jane Lockhart 38
Speaking of New Books—	John T. Frederick 40
Happiness Headquarters	The Scratchpad Man 42
More Fun Than Soapin' Windows!	44
Other Features and Departments:	
Talking It Over	1
Europe Uniting!	10
Human Nature Put to Work	22
Cheer . . . Up!	28
Bankrupt: A Word with a History	34
Rotary Reporter	45
Scratchpaddings	49
Opinion	52
Rotary Foundation Contributions	52
The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub	55
Hobby Hitching Post	60
Stripped Gears	62
Last Page Comment	64

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No Escalator to Heaven

WORDS WON'T CARRY US TO A MORE LIVABLE WORLD.

NEITHER WILL WISHES. BUT RINGING DOORBELLS MAY.

By Ernest Haycox

*Author of Historical Novels; President,
Rotary Club, Portland, Oreg.*

AT PUBLIC ceremonies a speaker is always tempted to bring out the old and familiar double-ended words and to use them on the audience as a sort of Swedish massage. This gives us a sense of well-being and sends us home half convinced that if we repeat the words often enough—*abracadabra!*—our world inevitably will move toward its golden dawn to the tune of a Sousa march.

The words are so familiar: democracy, freedom, idealism, individualism, dignity of man, destiny. You hear them at banquets, at commencements, at patriotic celebrations, at political conventions.

They are words used by hungry men to mean one thing, by well-fed men to mean another, by all sorts of men who don't know what they mean. They have come to be a sort of bath we take when we feel dirty, and we cleanse ourselves with them, and then we pour them down the drain and think nothing more about them until we're dirty again.

They're good words—they are the most wonderful words in the world—but they have been so cheaply and dishonestly and foolishly used so many times that they have lost much of whatever definition they had.

I think I know two things about people. For one thing, we must believe. We must believe there's a point to our lives and a point to our labors. If tomorrow science should show us definite proof that this earth was a clay ball flying meaningless through a meaningless space, and inhabited by creatures with no pattern and no purpose—if that evidence were to come to us, it would be necessary for us to reject

it and somehow build a world and a universe in which we could believe.

I imagine the U. S. Government Printing Office issued 100 million prints of Norman Rockwell's paintings of *The Four Freedoms* during the last war. *The Four Freedoms* was our slogan. As an inspirational thing, the phrase was magnificent, but I doubt if the phrase itself has brought freedom an inch nearer for any Pole or Czech or Hungarian. Belief in words by themselves is not enough.

The declaration of a noble intention is not the achievement of a condition, and this brings us to the second fact concerning people. We will work when we must, we will make the fight we set for ourselves; yet if there is an easier way out, we'll take it. We don't mind sweating so long as sweating is the universal condition, but should somebody tell us Joe Pungle is willing to sweat for us, we'll let Joe do it. The first time he does it, we'll thank him gratefully for the favor. The second time Joe sweats for us we'll begin to think it is no longer a favor, but a right we have coming to us, and we get quite angry when Joe doesn't do it. Somebody a long time back said there was no sort of hard labor a man wouldn't resort to in order to avoid hard labor.

When a football coach faces his candidates for the team at the beginning of the season, the first thing he asks himself is: Who are the men and who are the boys? And his first chore is to get rid of the boys.

That also applies to citizenship. We were all men when the going was easy and the world was at peace and all we had to do was give out the big words as free advice which cost us nothing. It's different now. If we build our little dream-

house with words and watch reality's first rough wind knock it flat, and if we cry out that the world's much too sordid and selfish a place to improve, or if we then say that civilization has got too complex for any one small citizen to do anything about and he might as well therefore do nothing—in that event we're boys.

IN CITIZENSHIP manhood comes to us when we break a few bones on the single truth which none of us can escape: You can't build a livable world unless far out in the grass roots of every village and city there are people willing to ring doorbells for the homely and necessary little things. That act implies the acceptance of a personal duty; and when that duty is accepted, it becomes the paid-up ticket of a paid-up citizen. There is no point whatever in talking about a decent world order unless you have a decent town order.

It is not a spiritual bankruptcy which concerns us, for the spirit is there, as it always has been—it is the only enduring thing we possess. What is required of us is that we rid ourselves of these adolescent reveries of a town or a country or a world which can be wished into being without tears and failure and misery along the way.

We can't be tender about failure or shy about sweat. We have to believe—and as Rotarians we do believe—that this is a world capable of progression, one brick and timber and stone upon another. We have to believe it or die as functioning human beings, and we have to believe that each of us must lay up his share of those bricks, timbers, and stones.

There isn't any escalator service to heaven.





A Continuing Story in Rotary

LITTLE Johnny Farlow doesn't need help to walk. He's just humoring these two big fellows. They are holding him back!—not up. Since Johnny's feet were straightened at the crippled-children clinic sponsored by the Asheboro, North Carolina, Rotary Club, he has been chasing all over the place. That's Cleveland Thayer (left), who heads the Club's Clinic Committee. With him is Andy Brown, a radio announcer, who—when he learned that hundreds of youngsters like Johnny have been helped during the clinic's 15 years of service and that this kind of thing is going on all over the Rotary world—thought he'd found something he could talk about for a long, long time on or off the air.

The Marshall Plan and Europe Today

THE FIRST STEP TO RECOVERY HAS BEEN MADE . . .
AND COÖPERATION WILL BRING NEW PROGRESS.

By Paul-Henri Spaak

*President of the Consultative Assembly,
Council of Europe*

THE MARSHALL PLAN is so great and really indispensable that I should like everyone to understand it. Had it not been for this initiative on the part of the United States, not only had the reconstruction of Europe been jeopardized, but even the very hope of organizing this construction had been still-born.

It is an easy matter to justify the Marshall Plan [E. R. P.—European Recovery Program]. At the close of the war which left Europe impoverished, we were under the obligation—in order to provide necessary nourishment for human beings and raw materials for the factories—of making extensive purchases in the United States. Several countries less favored than Belgium used the greater part of their gold reserve for this purpose. Toward 1947, the situation of certain countries had become extremely precarious. Reconstruction had not been accomplished and very great obstacles still existed. The scarcity of currency and of gold was immeasurable, but it was necessary either to spend it or to stop buying provisions.

This is what the United States understood with such fine generosity. I have frequently had the occasion to cite these words of General Marshall, spoken at Harvard University and taken from an address which today is the basis of the Marshall Plan. I have often cited these passages in answer to criticisms against the Marshall Plan. Many times have I

read and reread them, and I find them to be truly noble words:

"Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos. Its purpose should be the revival of a working economy in the world so as to permit the emergence of political and social conditions in which free institutions can exist. . . .

"It is already evident that, before the United States Government can proceed much further in its efforts to alleviate the situation and help start the European world on its way to recovery, there must be some agreement among the countries of Europe as to the requirements of the situation and the part those countries themselves will take in order to give proper effect to whatever action might be taken by this Government. It would be neither fitting nor efficacious for this Government to undertake to draw up unilaterally a program designed to place Europe on its feet economically. This is the business of the Europeans. The initiative, I think, must come from Europe."

These words not only betoken sentiments of wisdom and generosity, but, at the same time, they



Photo: Acme

A distinguished Belgian parliamentarian, Paul-Henri Spaak was Prime Minister before his election to his new post in the Council of Europe. He also heads the Belgian delegation to the U. N.

indicate the political way we are about to enter.

I have always said, the importance of the Marshall Plan lies not so much in the large amount of sorely needed money the United States is placing at Europe's disposition. However important the service this money is rendering, the most essential aspect is the opportunity the United States is offering us to reorganize our old continent. For, it is certain that, even at the termination of the Plan in 1952, the reconstruction of Europe will not be completed. If, at this time, our organization is not completely revised or established according to new rules, I fear Europe will suffer a period of decline and decadence.



But the fact that the United States has brought us this assistance, has permitted Europe to plan its own reorganization, saying, "Try to use our help for the best of your common interests"—that was an un hoped-for opportunity which will perhaps never be repeated. So, responsible political leaders of our times would be unpardonable if they allowed the opportunity to slip.

As soon as General Marshall had delivered his speech, Messrs. Bevin and Bidault met together, and we must be grateful to them for having given his words their full meaning and reality.

Answering his invitation, they immediately set up the European organization for the Marshall Plan. You must fully appreciate this—for it is very important: everything that constitutes the European organization and everything pertaining to it must, of its very nature, provoke difficult discussions.

We of Belgium know how hard it is to coördinate economic problems and interests in our own country. We all know that there

exist not only differences of opinion and principles, but also the problem of finding a balance, a just basis which allows no one interest to be sacrificed to any other.

If the solution proves difficult within one's own country, it is far more complex when it is a question of reconciling and harmonizing the interests of 18 or 19 countries.

Let us be optimistic, and, above all, patient. Let us not expect immediate and spectacular successes. The cure for our ills will not be effected by waving a magic wand. Let us not lose sight of the fact that our task is to reconcile the viewpoints of countries which, for a long time, have had contrary and rival interests. Agreement cannot be reached at a moment's notice.

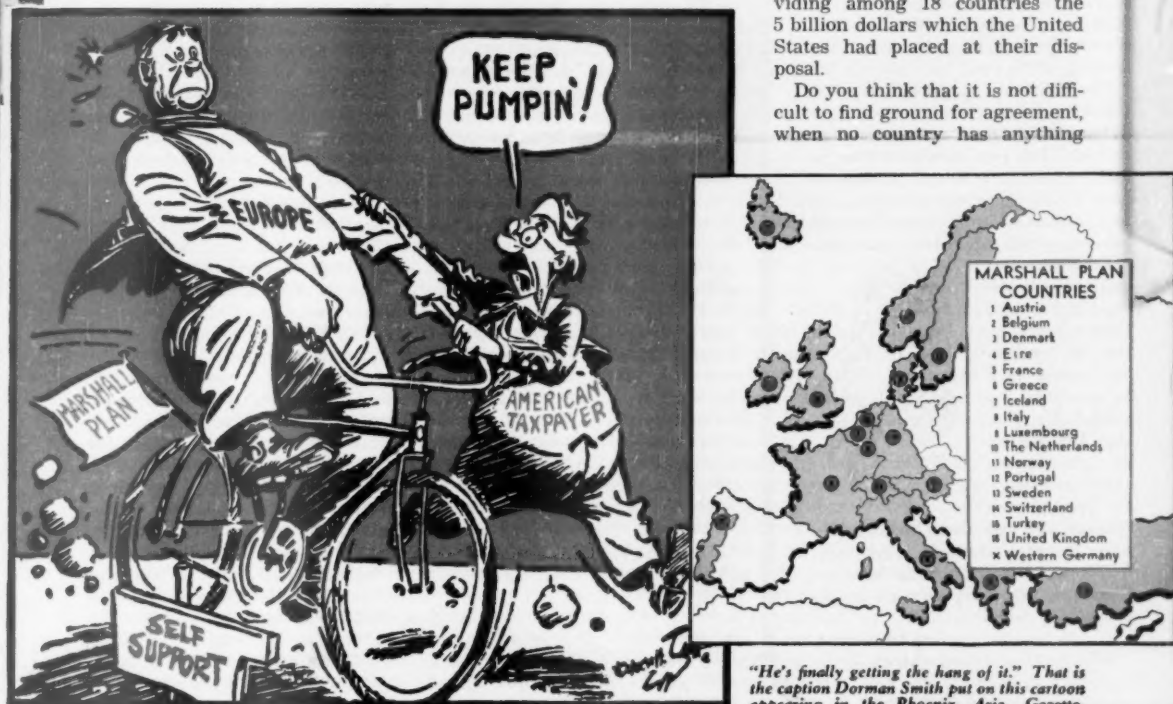
No, the realization of the Marshall Plan is a long and exacting task. It is a task which must be undertaken realistically. Nowadays, there are many men who proclaim themselves partisans of Benelux, of the European Organization, of the Marshall Plan—nay,

even of world-wide coöperation on economy. All these men are perfectly sincere. But it is not enough to wish; we must place ourselves in the psychological position to accomplish it.

Many believe that the organization of Europe will procure additional advantages for each one individually and for all collectively. Each class, and each individual, anticipates garnering the utmost from it. If that were the case, men would be culpable for not having established this organization long ago. The truth of the matter is that the organization we wish to create will obligate each member to make sacrifices according to his present situation—the surrender of something in the present for great well-being in the future. The magnitude and the scope of European coöperation is based on that very premise.

We undertook the task at Paris as well and as quickly as possible. During the first year, we had a double success. That will perhaps seem ironical to you, but I am serious. The first accomplishment is to have succeeded in dividing among 18 countries the 5 billion dollars which the United States had placed at their disposal.

Do you think that it is not difficult to find ground for agreement, when no country has anything



"He's finally getting the hang of it." That is the caption Dorman Smith put on this cartoon appearing in the Phoenix, Ariz., Gazette.

Europe Uniting!

SOMETHING new and promising was happening in Europe as this issue went to press. A Council of Europe was taking shape in a month-long meeting in Strasbourg, France. Named as first president of its Assembly was Paul-Henri Spaak, the author of the accompanying article.



Churchill*

cil does not have authority other than comes from its prestige.

A step was made in this direction in 1948 when the Benelux countries (Belgium, The Netherlands, and Luxemburg) formed a customs union which the elder French statesman, Edouard Herriot, described in *THE ROTARIAN* for February, 1948. Its aim is to make trade across their common borders as free as that between the States of the United States. Simultaneously came the Marshall Plan, reviewed by its administrator, Paul G. Hoffman, in the January, 1949, issue, and bearing significantly on European unification.

The dream of a united Europe, as Count Coudenhove-Kalergi pointed out in *Europe Pulling Together* in these pages in June, 1949, goes back 2,000 years to Julius Caesar, who forged a union by force. Today's new step toward a union, long advocated by Winston Churchill, Herriot, and others, is wholly voluntary.

As for the actual structure of the organization, the Council is divided into two units—"upper and lower houses," so to speak. The Foreign Ministers of the participating countries—Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Ireland, Luxemburg, Greece, and Turkey—form the Ministers Committee; 101 delegates make up the Consultative Assembly.



Herriot

—The Editors.

*Deriso and Kelen in *Freedom and Union*.

and when each is keenly alive to its own interests? It took a long time and gave rise to long discussions, but the 18 countries succeeded in finding a reasonable formula for the distribution of the American aid. That was our first success.

It was not the important one. From the start, we had to begin not only to share the dollars but, above all, to show that we had grasped the main point—that is to say, that we had begun to reorganize Europe. Last year we succeeded in this domain by creating the European Monetary Fund.

From what do we suffer? From the impossibility of giving our export trade its full activity.

In this regard, however, Belgium's situation is rather paradoxical. It was very bright up to 1948. That does not prevent us from remarking a certain lack of balance in the country. Compared with an industry which up to now has been extremely prosperous—the iron and steel industry—there are other industries which are less favorably circumscribed. The situation appears rather critical for large textile companies.

We have tried to improve it. Our negotiators proposed, by means of the Marshall Plan, to make European commerce more normal and to follow a policy of expansion. Knowing that many countries suffered from a scarcity of Belgian francs, we have arranged for funds to be placed at the disposition of Europe within the framework of the Marshall Plan to give our foreign trade a greater extension.

Here are some figures which, in my opinion, show the importance of what has been supplied to us Belgians. We have already received more than 6 billion francs [136 million dollars]. We have devoted a large part of this sum to the European Monetary Fund with a view to improving our foreign trade, and we have devoted 2 billion 700 million [61 million dollars] in our extraordinary budget to the promotion of industry in order to combat unemployment.

When we agreed to put some of our funds in the European Monetary Fund, was our policy a good one? There is perhaps a more realistic policy—i.e., to get

out of the mess all by ourselves. We did not do that. We believed that we had to work together in the European spirit and try to improve our foreign trade, inasmuch as that policy held out great advantages for Belgium. In fact, it allows foreign countries to buy more Belgian products and to hasten their own reconstruction.

What are the results of this policy? To illustrate so that you may arrive at an accurate judgment, I will tell you that in 1948 our foreign trade was still good in comparison with the year 1947, but we progressively felt a certain slackening; commercial treaties were concluded only with difficulty because of the scarcity of Belgian francs. I am not going to quote many figures to you. It will be enough for me to recall the first three months of 1949.

In this country supposedly on the edge of bankruptcy, where everybody is oppressed and debilitated, there are nonetheless some hopeful signs—e.g., the statistics for our foreign trade. For each of the first three months of 1949 our exports have exceeded 7 billion francs [159 million dollars]—that is to say, we have surpassed all our export records since the liberation.

EVEN more, an unusual thing for Belgium, we find that our real commercial balance appears favorable. It shows, indeed, successive bonuses of 222 million francs [5 million dollars] for the month of February, of 467 million [11 million dollars] for March, and of 443 million [10 million dollars] in April, which represents a surplus of more than a billion francs [23 million dollars].

These figures for 1949, which show such a favorable increase, find their very natural explanation in the results of the European Monetary Fund, whose establishment was made possible only by the Marshall Plan. Moreover, America has well understood, and we can be almost certain that the policy of European coöperation as it is followed today within the framework of the Marshall Plan gives good results.

But this first step is not enough. I think that in the months to come, we will record new progress. The [Continued on page 58]

Sydney W. Pascall

Enricher of Lives

THE KEEN AND FRIENDLY BRITON
WHO LED ROTARY IN 1931-32 IS GONE.

By T. A. Warren

*Past President, Rotary International
Bournemouth, England*

SYDNEY WOODROFFE PASCALL, C.B.E., J.P.—industrialist; successful soldier in World War I; home guard in World War II; expert in industrial relationships; Past President of Rotary International; county councillor; justice of the peace; staunch upholder of many grand causes; *ad infinitum*—a worthy life indeed!

It has been grand to know Sydney Pascall through these eventful years. If it be true that we humans are very much the product of our experiences, then this friendly, humorous, wise, well-informed cosmopolitan surely has enriched the lives of a multitude.

Here was a Rotarian who could let his nearest neighbors see his badge and not be afraid; a man by his very nature courteous and considerate throughout all the industrial, social, and political controversies that formed so great a part of his unusually varied life. Sydney Pascall remained, however heated an argument, his calm and friendly self even to those passionately presenting the opposite view. One's genuinely smiling critic is a hard nut to crack, and Sydney and I didn't always agree by any manner of means!

As a youth he entered the sugar-confectionery manufacturing business founded by his father, and retained his intimate connection with it. For many years he was chairman and managing director, but later devoted himself mainly to organizing the industry as a whole. Chairman of the Employers' Consultative Committee of Trade Boards, past president of the Manufacturing Confectioners' Alliance—these are merely selections from the cards he was given in the realm of industry as a whole. He had been vice-president of the far-reaching Federation of British Industries, and he represented Rotary International at the World Economic Conference at Geneva in 1927.

Yes! Vocational Service had real meaning for Sydney Pascall. Only his deeply felt passion for world understanding and accord transcended perhaps his personal crusade for harmony and justice in the world of work. And how unremittingly he did fight for those causes that were of the warp and weft of his very being!

Joining the London Rotary Club in 1919, he later held practically every high office Rotary International could bestow. His successful Presidency of



Sydney W. Pascall, of London, British industrialist and Past President of Rotary, who died on August 4, 1949.

Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland in 1926 proved an excellent training for the outstanding occasion when in historic Vienna in June, 1931, he was elected President of Rotary International for 1931-32.

Of what might be called his *special* occasions, a whole volume could be written. One such occasion may perhaps be recalled to illustrate the variety and richness of this life devoted mainly to the public weal. That always interesting body the International Service Committee of District 13 (London and environs) retained its vitality during the strains of war. Among other adventures, it visualized youth exchange on a world scale. The presence of the exiled European Governments in London offered a unique prospect. A vigorous campaign and much hard work followed, and on June 15, 1942, a conference on postwar problems affecting the youth of all nations was held in London. Twenty-three representatives or observers from Europe and other Governments attended, plus educational and youth organizations, International Labor Office, British Council, Rotary International, and numerous others. The appointment of the right chairman clearly meant much to such a gathering. The man chosen was Sydney W. Pascall, and he contributed greatly to its undoubted success.

One could go on, but, thankful indeed for auld acquaintance, we bid au revoir to our friend Sydney—rejoicing in the retrospect of a life fully lived, and glad we were passing this way at the same time.

Typical of new machines that vastly multiply per man output, this crawling mine monster loads coal faster than can 20 men with picks and shovels.

PRODUCTIVITY IS AMERICA'S OPEN SECRET

BUT ONLY HALF UNDERSTOOD

IS THE FACT THAT AN ERA OF EVEN MORE AMAZING OUTPUT HAS BEGUN.

By Walter B. Pitkin

AN OPEN SECRET is a fact so widely known that everybody accepts it as a matter of habit. Nobody mentions it any more than a sports writer mentions the law of gravity in reporting a home run.

America's open secret is production, of course. Everybody knows it. Nobody talks much about it. It is such Old Stuff. Why, who bats an eye any more when he reads that:

—One man, riding one big red

cotton-picking machine ("sputter-bugs," they call them), can pick as much Mississippi cotton as 50 hand pickers.

—A couple of people tending a pair of fancy machines in Tennessee can turn out a web of facial tissue 13 feet wide and a mile long every three minutes.

—One man on a combine can cut and thresh 60 acres of wheat a day . . . which is more than 5 binders, 15 horses, and 10 men could cut and shock—to say noth-

ing of thresh—in precombine days.*

—If you took all the workers off a Detroit production line—which turns out one million \$1,700 automobiles a year—and put them to work making cars by old hand methods, they might be able in 12 mad months to knock 2,500 cars together—at \$50,000 apiece. That's just a guess, but perhaps I'm not far wrong. You get the idea.

*See *Hammtown—U.S.A.*, by Arthur H. Carhart, *THE ROTARIAN*, July, 1949.

Old Stuff, as I say. We stopped thinking about it away back in those dim days of old when some bright boys found the trick of breaking up atoms—let's see, wasn't that about 1943? Or 1945? I just can't recall. Sure enough, those rambunctious electronic particles are going to send future American production up like the mushroom over Bikini—as maybe I can show later on.

But let's keep our feet on the terra firma of good old-fashioned American production as it is for a minute. A lot of Europeans and Trobriand Islanders and maybe even some fine old gentleman in Tibet are asking these days: "How come Uncle Sam can ship this ceaseless flood of stuff all over the world—all these motor-cars, bags of flour, bobby pins, reaming machines, girdles, typewriters, and DC-6's—and still give his own 150 million people almost more of the same than they know what to do with and the highest standard of living in the world?"

POWER is the answer. The beginning of it anyway: power turning machines that make ordinary John Quentin Citizen, who works their valves and levers, vastly more powerful and productive than his grandfather was. In a slim booklet* I picked up the other day—and maybe it's ancient history, because it was published in 1947—there's the story of Steve. His grandfather was a Pennsylvania coal miner who, with a pick, a shovel, a boy, some black powder, and a mule, was able to dig out three tons of coal in a ten-hour day . . . and earned \$1 for it.

Today that old miner's offshoot Steve is a coal miner, too, in a way. His job is to clear off the "overburden" on strip mines—the rock and earth that cover a near-to-the-surface vein. But listen to how Steve does it. He slides onto the seat of a \$750,000 dragline excavator and, working levers with hands and feet, takes great big bites—maybe 20 cubic yards—out of the overburden and throws the stuff over his shoulder. Steve makes \$9,000 a year. The power

in his hands is that of 2,200 of his granddad's mules.

Maybe an even sharper contrast to grandpa's way of mining coal is offered by the modern "coal mole." A creeping, crawling, low-slung piece of rugged machinery, it chaws at a face of coal with whirling steel teeth, rolls the chunks into a cart on its back, and unloads from this automatically—thus getting out the rich black stuff in one continuous operation. And here's the point: Grandpa could get out three tons of coal in a ten-hour day. One man with a machine like this can get out 100 tons in an eight-hour day.

High individual productivity made possible by machines and investment is the secret within the open secret. Since 1850 the average American worker has stepped up his per-hour output five times. With this his share in the new wealth thus created has risen to heights undreamed of elsewhere . . . so that even before World War II, Americans, with barely 7 percent of the world's population, had nearly all its automobiles, telephones, radios, and other things.

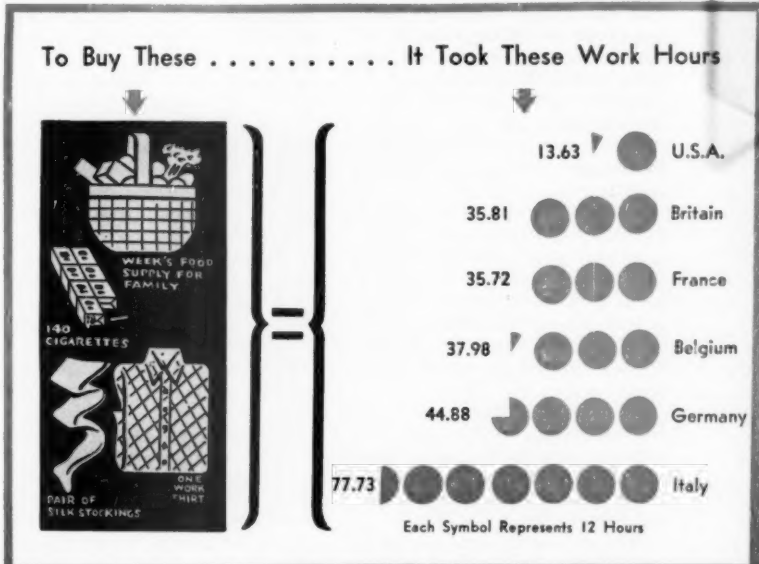
Young Charlie Luckman, of Lever Brothers soap works, has an interesting angle on all this. He points out the difference between production and productiv-

ity. Say you have an apple tree, he says, that yields 500 apples. You want to double production, so you plant another tree like it and get 500 more apples. That is production. But productivity—ah! Go back to your first tree, apply your skill and effort to it, and if it then yields 600 apples instead of 500—then you have increased productivity!

He goes on to say—and I'm interpreting only very loosely—that when productivity rises, wages rise, dividends rise, and prices fall, and "that is the kind of squirrel cage I'd like to be caught in for the rest of my life." So would I. Someone, if not Mr. Luckman, has called it the "vicious circle" which has become the "virtuous circle" of American industry.

Somewhere some friend is saying, "Sure, America's standard of living is high—maybe five times above the average for all the rest of the world. But your tremendous natural resources and your large home market are the real basis of it." They are factors, all right, but look around: Aren't there other hugely peopled nations with vast resources—where the bullock cart and mud floor are still standard equipment?

No, productivity has done it . . . high individual productivity made possible by machines throb-



*Power, Machines, and Plenty, by Gloria Waldron and J. Frederic Dewhurst, The Twentieth Century Fund, Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 142.

Adapted from Chart by Harry A. Morong for the Public Affairs Committee, Inc.

More Power to Jack!



OUR cover this month (reproduced here) shows a modern lumberjack using an electric chain saw on a forest giant. With such a saw, a lumberman tells us, one man can fall a Douglas fir of 6-foot diameter in about 25 minutes. *Timber-r-r!* With old hand methods of ax and bucksaw, it takes one man two hours to make the undercut in a tree like that and two men another two or three hours to make the opposing saw cut.—Eds.

bing with millions of horsepower from oil, coal, gas, water, steam, and what-have-you: machines made possible by capital investors who are not afraid to scrap a whole million-dollar buttonhook factory if a still newer million-dollar plant will enable workers to run out two or three times the buttonhooks in the same hours. American industry has learned that it can waste everything but its manpower.

Let's say that we've looked into the Open Secret far enough. Now—there's the great half-Open Secret of atomic energy. Not more than one American in every 1,000 has heard it. When most of us catch on to it, U. S. production is going to race ahead so fast that all progress before 1946 will seem like that of an onrushing glacier.

Here it is, a little oversimplified for the sake of getting it down on paper:

We now have machines which calculate any mathematical problem about one million times faster than the best prewar calculators could, and, in some kinds of computing, can operate perhaps a billion times faster than the unaided brain of a first-class mathematician.

We also have worked out the techniques of invention to the point at which we can invent thousands of kinds of things on order without any recourse to bright ideas or dreams or hunches.

We now use various electronic instruments and methods to test

all kinds of materials and products at speeds far beyond those possible through mechanical devices in use before 1940.

We can communicate a million words a minute through a single channel.

We can, with cyclotrons either finished or under construction, make atomic-fission products for all sorts of experiments in physics, chemistry, biology, and medicine.

Now, as a brilliant scientist once remarked, progress is "the romance of the next decimal place." The more accurately investigators proceed, the more remarkable their findings and results. Contrast a gasoline engine whose tolerance in the cylinders is .01 of an inch (as in early engines) and an engine whose same tolerance is .0005 of an inch. Electronic controls and measures attain tolerances beyond all dreams of prewar engineers. Nobody yet knows what is going to come out of this fact.

Speed, accuracy, and orderly progress toward whatever we want now bring us to a new epoch in human history, an epoch in which men can make absolutely anything they want to make out of electrons, atoms, molecules, and mass materials.

An amazing revolution in communication is just around the corner. Electronic applications will make it possible for Henry Gook of Tampa, to dial his second cousin Amos Buck in Septic Tank, Idaho, and get the connection with no aid from telephone operators with hair-do and lipstick.

As everybody who knows anything about electronics will tell you, the world is entering the age of the wholly automatic factory. Electronics again. The British, we read, have finished the world's first 100 percent automatic factory for the making of radio sets. Not a single human being enters this factory. It's a huge steel box packed with tubes and wires controlling small machines that pick up, pass along, and process materials.

What men can do with radio sets they can do with shoes and pianos and tooth paste and spectacles. So progress through improved production is just getting under way. As a great engineer said recently: "All that has hap-

pened thus far is just a prelude."

True, the buying power of the average American family has been dropping for more than ten years. Its cash income is now \$3,000, and these inflated dollars buy much less than did the \$2,200 each family was earning in 1940. But Americans ran up some pretty big debts in the biggest war in history and then loaned billions to both the victors and the vanquished. So we have quite a few bills to meet on the first of the month. The wonder is that autos still crowd the parking lots. New ones, what's more!

I hold now in my hand an ancient document prophesying that by 1960 the American family on the average may well take in \$4,000 and work fewer hours. Well, if the dollars are to be 1949 dollars, then this is a sad outlook. I am prepared to take bets that by 1960 the average family will come close to \$5,000 in this hour's kind of money. But we needn't go into this. All we need to make clear is that new machines and new techniques with new energies behind them are so going to increase U. S. productivity that the most optimistic forecasters of the old Machine Age will sound like Jeremiah.

And that is a wide-open secret.



An "electronic chemist" is what the scientist calls this tangle of apparatus. It greatly speeds up testing in the synthetic rubber industry.

'Cows' Up a Tree

YOU SEE THEM IN INDIA—BUT EVERYONE

ALMOST EVERYWHERE USES THEIR 'MILK.'

By Paul W. Kearney

ODDLY enough, the largest and the smallest livestock domesticated by man are both native to India. In the first category, the five-ton elephant needs no introduction. But, in the second, *Tachardia lacca* does.

An insect measuring about one-fifteenth of an inch in length, it provides India with upward of 25 million dollars' worth of income a year. Phonograph records are made of its end product. It supplies the glaze on playing cards. It is the stiffening used in every felt hat made. It is the bonding cement used in the seams of tin cans, in electric-light bulbs, in vacuum cleaners.

In a word, it is shellac.

Everybody uses it, chiefly as a protective coating for furniture

and woodwork. Yet if you should ask, on a radio quiz, whether shellac is animal, mineral, or vegetable, it is doubtful if one person in 100 would know the answer.

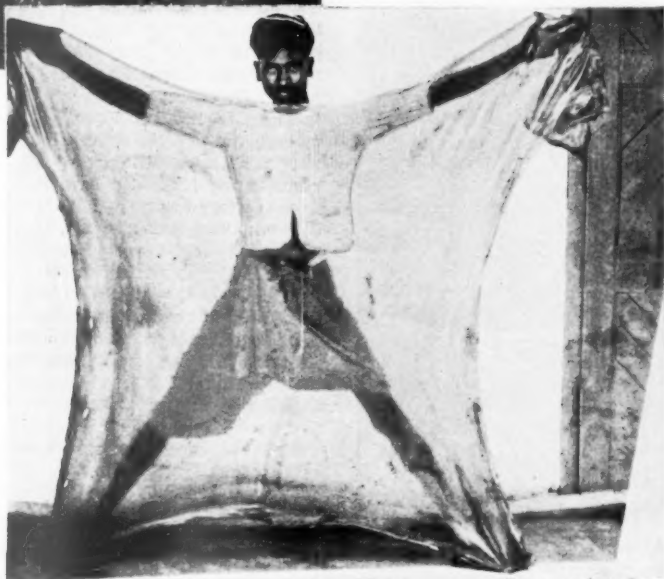
Actually, shellac is the product of the lac bug—a pest which feeds and breeds on certain native trees in parts of India, notably the Northeastern Province of Assam. Although it is believed that there is only one male for each 5,000 females, the breeding is so prolific that the name is thought to have derived from the Hindu word *lakh*, meaning "a hundred thousand."

Attaching themselves to the tender shoots of their host trees, the insects pierce the bark and feed on the sap. After several years they will weaken and, perhaps, kill the tree. But in the meantime they exude a reddish resinous secretion which covers each bug like a tent and under which myriads of eggs are laid. As these eggs hatch, the young fry gradually swarm all over the branch, seeking a place to settle down for their half year's existence. And as generation follows generation, this natural plastic coating under which they live and die often becomes half an inch thick.

Thus is produced the raw material for more than 50 million pounds of shellac exported annually, 75 percent of it going to the United States. And although there are firms in the U.S.A. that have been importing it for well over a century, the production end of the business still remains the primitive, "cottage industry" that it has always been.

The typical lac breeder has two or three open-hearth fires with which he

Natives harvest "sticklac" left by insects no larger than an appleseed. Refined, a napkin-sized sheet can be stretched to tablecloth proportions.



All photos: Wm. Zinsner & Co.

processes only a maund (82 pounds or two of resin a season, to be sold to the local bazaar and ultimately gathered up by agents for the Calcutta exporters. A large plant may have 30 or 40 fires, but these are few and far between.

As far as production goes, Nature takes care of that on a remarkable assembly-line system. The breeder's chief problem is to avoid congestion in each succeeding generation of lac bugs so as to provide all the newcomers with enough to eat. For if a newly hatched bug doesn't find a food supply—i.e., a tender twig—with in a distance of about 12 feet from its birthplace, it just curls up and dies.

The standard practice, therefore, is to keep inoculating fresh trees with this parasite. About a month before the swarming period sets in, orange spots appear on the females: the signal for the breeder to get busy. For the females stop feeding now and begin to concentrate on their expectancy. Hence this is the time to transfer them from their established food supply and start a new colony.

Twigs loaded with healthy lac insects are cut off the tree. Some growers wedge these sticks of "brood lac" between two twigs of a fresh tree. Others put several infected twigs in a bamboo basket which is tied to the tree among succulent new shoots. Generally it takes a full day for an experienced man to inoculate a fresh tree.

The swarming periods come twice a year, approximately in May and October, one swarm being used for brood, the other for crop. And the conversion of this second batch into a marketable commodity involves considerable tedious labor.

First, thickly encrusted twigs of "stick lac" are cut off the trees and either scraped, soaked in water, or pounded and split to remove the lac, which is then spread out in the shade to dry. Crude stone mills or corn crushers are usually used for this process. The stuff is then repeatedly winnowed to separate the lac from the sticks and dirt. Then it is washed and put to soak overnight. And after that a man

climbs into the stone pot and, with his feet, works the lac against the sides to crush out the animal dye. The end product of this operation is grain lac or seed lac, which looks very much like grape nuts.

This seed lac is then stuffed into narrow, stocking-shaped cotton bags some 30 to 40 feet long. One end of the bag is fastened to the wall. The other end is swung back and forth over a low charcoal fire until the lac begins to melt. And as the worker twists the far end of the bag, the molten resin filters through the mesh and drips on the hearth. These hot drippings are rolled into a sheet about two feet square. Then another workman, using his hands, feet, and teeth, stretches the sheet until it is about four or five feet square and proportionately thinner. When these sheets become cool and brittle, they are broken into fragments about the size of cornflakes. In appearance they look like peanut brittle without the peanuts.

The purest of this drip is puddled into cakes about the size of a silver dollar, stamped with an identifying seal, and sold to the electrical industry as "button lac." The bulk of U. S. imports, however, are in the flake form

known to the trade as TN or "truly native." At this stage it ranges in color from "ruby" to "blonde." White shellac, as we know it, has been bleached with chlorine. And all shellac reaches American importers' shores as a solid. It isn't until the flakes have been dissolved in alcohol or some suitable caustic that the substance becomes the liquid with which we are all familiar.

Although a very old business in the United States, there are not many more than a dozen concerns engaged in the importation of shellac.

Highly speculative because of the drastic influence of weather on crops and the lack of control in primitive production methods, U. S. import prices have fluctuated all the way from a low of 7 cents a pound to a high of \$1.50 in the past 15 years.

Practically all imports come from Calcutta, where dealers, combing the interior, round up their stocks from individual growers or from local bazaars. Today most of the purchases are made straight across the counter. But there still prevails an ancient and unique custom known as the "secret auction."

In these negotiations the broker, the seller, and the buyers all sit in a circle around a table, each placing his right hand under a cloth in the center. In turn the buyers make their bids by taking hold of the broker's fingers, each finger and each joint representing a specific figure.

Thus, if current prices are in the neighborhood of 40 rupees a maund, the offer is conveyed by two handclaps. The first will indicate the tens, each separate finger grasped representing ten rupees. At the second grasp, each finger joint represents one rupee. Thus if a buyer wishes to bid 35 rupees, he will take hold of the first three fingers of the broker's hand to indicate 30; then the entire first finger (three joints to indicate three; then two joints of the second finger to fill out the five.

The bids are then conveyed to the seller by the broker. If the latter accepts, the broker whips away the cloth and tosses a handful of lac into the lap of the successful bidder.



Bare feet stomp "seedlac" to rid it of impurities which are skimmed off.



Barling grows lemons where Nature says that you can't.

THE poor children of Canterbury, England, will never forget their Christmas party last year. Not since before the blitz had they enjoyed so much cake, mince pie, fried potatoes—tastily cooked in fat, a delicacy in their country because it's still hard to get.

Thousands of needy British families, like these children, have been helped during the lean postwar years by extra fat now and then, supplied free by the Barling "Fat for Britain" scheme in New Zealand. Nearly 100 tons have been shipped.

That is why Philip Barling, O.B.E., of Dunedin in New Zealand, is one of Britain's favorite benefactors on the other side of the world. His plan to collect fat for Britain has worked so well that the Dominion Government has marked it "official." Usually the individual assists the Government, but in this instance the administration helps Barling.

Serious and practical, but an adventurer at heart, Barling has been an individualist most of his life. He quit as an estate manager in Kent to fight in the Boer War. After returning to his native Sussex to accept a combat decoration from the King, he went to Australia. He was managing an oil company in New Zealand when doctors said he was suffering a severe, incurable disease. He sailed to the United States to rest. Later he had a major operation.

Today Rotarian Barling is back down under more active than ever before seeing after his Savoy restaurant and Glenfalloch, his fabulous estate.

The restaurant, which he had started as a hobby,

PHILIP BARLING

HE'S ONE OF BRITAIN'S FAVORITE
BENEFACTORS DOWN UNDER.



is "Old English" and is one of the most attractive, dignified eating places in the Dominion. The Dunedin Rotary Club meets in his Somerset dining room. At Glenfalloch he has a profuse collection of shrubs and trees rarely seen even in a botanical garden.

When his son, James, an amputee veteran, returned from overseas to help run Glenfalloch, and his elder son, Philip, the Savoy, Rotarian Barling and his charming wife saw an opportunity. It was to do something more for the British upon whose recovery, he said, "depends the future peace of the world."

The Government-sponsored "Fat for Britain" campaign was dying because of a lack of incentive. Little fat was being collected. Housewives tossed fresh suet to the chickens. It was too much trouble to save when they were not sure their donations reached Britain. Often recipients didn't reply.

Barling started collecting fat at his own expense. To farmers' wives he distributed 40-pound tins bearing their names and addresses. Assured that they would hear from recipients, the women brought them in full. The plan succeeded. Now about 15,000 pounds of fat, enough to give 250,000 persons in Britain an extra ration for a week, is processed each month in his restaurant.

Each tin carries the name of the donor in New Zealand. British recipients write back to the women who filled the cans. "I didn't know there were so many good bodies in the world," wrote one.

Rotarian Barling feels the gifts going to Britain, like the splendor of Glenfalloch at home, provide "some uplift from the cares that beset mankind."



Paper work for Barling—and extra food rations for Britain.



This is Joey in his St. Louis boarding home. The Family and Children's Service agency says he shows a remarkable sense of security.

Joey—Baby on Probation

MODERN ADOPTION IS A SCIENTIFIC PROCEDURE
THAT PAYS OFF IN PERMANENT HAPPINESS FOR EVERYONE CONCERNED.

JOEY is a boarding baby. He doesn't have a home of his own. Lots of folks would like to have Joey—to adopt him, and love him. But Joey isn't ready yet. He is sort of "on probation" until social workers and doctors and psy-

chologists find out just what kind of a fellow he is.

Joey's mother isn't married, and she can't provide the home she knows he should have. That's why Joey is a boarding baby.

The Family and Children's

Service in St. Louis, Missouri, where Joey lives, is sympathetic with Joey's mother. The workers want to do what is best for her—and, of course, for Joey.

The agency, which considers only St. Louis residents for adop-

Postural test, hearing test, and visual test given in his boarding home by a trained psychologist help to measure Joey's intelligence.

Photos: St. Louis Post-Dispatch Pictures from Black Star





Reach out there, fellow! That's trying! Reaching for the spoon with one hand and rolling over (right) to get the bell that is behind him are simple tests which reveal complicated things about Joey. These and similar tests will tell the child expert the kind of home Joey will fit in best.

Little fellows like Joey need lots of warmth and love. These help him put his best foot forward. The boarding home is now widely used where scientific adoption procedures are followed. Joey (below) shows his appreciation by planting a big wet kiss on the cheek of his "temporary" sister.

tive parenthood, already has a number of couples in mind who would love this little fellow as their own, but arranging things takes time—and talent, too.

Responsible agencies—there are hundreds in the United States and other countries supported by government subsidy, Community Chest funds, and endowments—want to make certain their children are placed in proper homes. That's why much must be learned about babies and their prospective parents. Joey may think a lot of it is silly, but psychologists know from thousands of cases what reactions are normal.

During the testing period—maybe four months—Joey is boarded in a home that can give him what a little tyke needs most: warmth and care. The woman with whom he is staying knows all about this sort of thing. Her own children are older now, happy, and well oriented.

The social worker visits Joey frequently and his boarding mother takes him to the clinic for regular check-ups.

Joey doesn't realize it yet, but he is lucky in a way. Thirty thousand of the 50,000 babies adopted each year in the United States don't have their interests so carefully protected. When Joey leaves his boarding mother and goes to live permanently in a home he will call his own, the pains taken by this responsible Community Chest agency will make pretty certain it is *the* right one.

Now take a look at Joey in these photos—and remember he *could* be President someday!





Eugene Unsnarls Its Traffic

AN OREGON CITY OF 40,000 POINTS THE WAY
THROUGH A UNIVERSAL PROBLEM—WITH ONE-WAY SIGNS

By Bill Dean

THINGS move in Eugene today.

The jams of honking cars that long choked the streets of this Oregon city have been broken. Now traffic flows! By a simple twist of the municipal wrist Eugene has:

1. Doubled the traffic capacity of its downtown streets.
2. Halved the time it takes to get across town.
3. Increased opportunities to park.
4. Decreased accident rates.
5. Slowed decentralization of its business district.
6. Cut a pattern many cities larger and smaller are eying.

But maybe the most surprising thing about it is that Eugene has accomplished all this for—not the \$500,000 someone thought it would cost—but for \$1,500! Yes, that's the figure, and most of that extremely modest sum went for one-way signs—which is your chief clue to how Eugene unsnarled its traffic.

But let's go back and begin the story at the beginning. Eugene is an attractive city of 40,000 in the fertile Willamette Valley of western Oregon. It lives by lumbering and agriculture, and is the home of the State university. Now Eugene, like your own town probably, wasn't originally built for automobiles, and as the city mushroomed from 20,000 to 40,000 between 1940 and 1948, cars began to back up at its downtown stop lights like logs in a river jam. Things only worsened as the suburban and rural area swelled to 35,000.

"It got so bad," one farmer commented, "that we hated to come to town. Did most of our shopping in the outskirts. Took a bus when we had to come in."

Eugene had to do something. First step was the creation about a year ago of a special eight-man committee that would plunge into the problem and come up with some answers. Five members were from the Chamber of Commerce, three from the City Council. Rotarian William H. Lush, a variety-store manager, was elected chairman.

The basic facts the committee discovered were these: the number of city residents had nearly doubled in eight years, and with the shift of a large part of the lumber business

from Washington to southwestern Oregon, making Eugene the wholesale distributing point for the region and its largest retail center, the city was called upon to serve a metropolitan population nearly three and one-half times as large as when the business district was laid out. In just a year and a half—from June, 1946 to January, 1948—traffic on the main street had increased 60 percent.

It didn't take a technical survey to show the effect, however. All the committeemen had to do was look out their window, watch the creeping lines of cars, listen to the irate horns, watch the crises caused by so simple a thing as a double-parked delivery truck. Travelling the Oregon Trail in a Conestoga wagon was a snap compared with a modern-day journey across town in a club coupé.

One fact that did need earnest study was that five mushrooming suburban shopping areas were being given impetus by the downtown congestion. If something wasn't worked out soon, the vitality of Eugene's business district was threatened.

"We knew extraordinary measures were in order," says Chairman Lush in thinking back over it. "But we frankly did not know which way to turn. There were obstructions everywhere."

Prohibit parking in the downtown area? Businessmen and merchants strongly objected. Widen Willamette, the main thoroughfare? It would cost \$500,000.

"Then someone suggested that we use a one-way system on three streets," recalls Bill Lush. "Here was a fresh approach, but after viewing diagrams we realized it wouldn't fit into a new highway system that touches Eugene. Besides, such a halfway measure would only confuse downtown motorists. They wouldn't know which way to turn."

And that was when one of the committee members suggested that Eugene make *every street in its business district a one-way street!*

"You had to think that one through," says Rotarian Lush. It would make left turns easy if there were no traffic coming toward you. Double-parked trucks would be no concern if a driver



could pull around them without fear of a head-on collision. You could park on either side of the street. There would be no glare of oncoming headlights at night. And pedestrian movements would be easier since one cross walk would always be free.

In short order, then, Eugene's traffic committee diagrammed a complete system of one-way streets for the entire 40-square-block business district—with alternate streets carrying traffic in opposite directions. This "grid plan," as they called it, was then submitted to the City Council of Eugene for consideration and a recommendation was accepted for a six-month trial period.

Then came a campaign to "sell" the public on the idea. Deane Seeger, Eugene's city manager when the grid was started and now municipal consultant for the League of Oregon Cities, points out that the thing which immediately impressed the citizens was the fact that the system was devised and recommended by a group largely made up of merchants and others *outside* the city government. Stressing this, the newspaper and the radio stations explained the plan in detail. By the time the shift was made, motorists were prepared. An instantaneous change-over was made with virtually no confusion.

Now, busses make it through town in four minutes against the ten previously required. A delivery-truck driver covers his downtown route in an hour less time. Traffic lights send cars along in an even stream rather than acting as control stops. Surveys show that 11 to 12 cars pass through each signal where but three each way was the rule with two-way traffic—this speed-up being due largely to the increased ease of turning at intersections without the obstruction of oncoming traffic.

The one-way grid had its most severe test immediately after its inauguration last year. It was shortly before the Christmas rush, and, to make it



Right turn only! These being one-way streets, the opposite crosswalk is always free for pedestrians—a big safety factor in Eugene's grid plan.



The shift to the one-way grid was almost instantaneous, and violations like the above—car turning left from center lane—were exceptional. A double-parked truck (below) no longer impedes smooth traffic flow.



*Here's
the Key!*



Human Nature

Put to Work



A large department store was having difficulty "moving" some pinefores. Then, one noon, an inventive young salesgirl had an idea. Slipping into one of the garments, with the price-tag conspicuously showing, she wore it out to lunch. Onlookers were so amused and interested that she sold six pinefores before returning to the store. She had put a basic principle of advertising to work.

—Mrs. A. W. Harold, Buffalo, N. Y.



There's nothing like adversity to get men together. When Halloween pranksters interchanged the wagon of one farmer for the buggy of another, the two, who hadn't spoken in years, were forced to meet. To their own surprise, their conversation was courteous, the vehicles were exchanged without mishap, and the two men became lifelong friends.

—Arthur Fletcher, Chestnut Mound, Tenn.



This unusually successful classified advertisement in the Toronto, Ontario, Daily Star appealed to readers' curiosity and humor: "Two lazy men with broken-down old truck will move anything anywhere. Starvation forces us to work."

—H. Hoyle, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.



The morning after Halloween, soap was found smeared over every store front in the block—with one noticeable exception. Behind that store's sparkling window was a practical lesson in public relations. The conny shopkeeper had posted this sign the night before: "TEN DOLLARS TO THE BOYS' CLUB IF THESE WINDOWS ARE CLEAN IN THE MORNING."

—Helen Houston Boileau, Covina Highlands, Calif.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

particularly difficult, the worst storm in 80 years blew into Eugene.

Some merchants were convinced the rerouting would bring only confusion and encourage their patrons to stay away. One upbraided Bill Lush for supporting the plan. Lush is chairman of the retail trades division of the Chamber of Commerce, and the merchant thought he should use his weight to oppose any such radical change.

Just two weeks after the system went into effect, the critic offered his apologies and his full support. The effect on business had been for the better, even in spite of the storm!

Whether there has been any measurable loss of business or of property values on side streets or anywhere in the grid will be determined by a survey. Most merchants think some adjustment to the plan is inescapable. But, seeing the grid distribute traffic throughout the business district, they share the committee's belief that the grid will act to increase the value of side-street properties.

The one-way grid is in Eugene to stay. Howard Buford, city planning consultant, estimates traffic capacity has been increased by 90 percent. R. H. Baldock, Oregon State highway engineer, claims accidents on one-way streets are a third to a half less numerous than on two-way streets, because points of conflict

have been reduced from a possible 28 to a mere six at each intersection. The one pedestrian accident during the trial period was the result of insufficient lighting, and the city is now studying cost estimates for the installation of mercury-vapor lights and walk-wait signals, which will further enhance the safety features of the grid plan.

As noted earlier, the plan cost the city just \$1,500. The economy of it comes from the way it utilizes existing facilities. Aside from additional "one-way" signs and traffic dividers where the grid blends with two-way travel, there are few expenses.

Eugene's traffic planners are convinced the one-way grid can be applied to most cities where traffic has become a serious problem. Some 30 United States cities have tried the system—usually on only a few streets. Recently both Portland and Salem, Oregon, have begun studies of the Eugene plan. They, like numerous other cities that are keeping an eye on Eugene, are of the opinion that the one-way grid may make downtown shopping in their business districts a pleasure instead of a drudgery.

And the farmer who hated to come to town? "We heard so much about this 'grid' on the radio and read so much about it in the paper that we decided to give it a whirl," he says. "Well, sir," he says, "we've been coming in once a week ever since!"



These oncoming cars are leaving the one-way grid, which is clearly labeled. The signs will be replaced with concrete traffic dividers which, along with walk-wait signals and mercury-vapor lamps, will increase the safety of Eugene's traffic plan.



HERE are five men—all of whom wear the Rotary wheel—whose activities have been featured in recent news headlines.



Asaf Ali Asghar Fyzee, of Bombay, who was recently appointed India's Ambassador to Egypt. He is Immediate Past President of Bombay Club.

Photo: © Sheburne



R. O. Deming, Jr., of Oswego, Kans., begins a term as president of the Mortgage Bankers Association of America, an office his father held.



Photo: Aemo

Fellow Rotarians were on hand to offer congratulations when Alben W. Barkley, Vice-President of the United States, was honored in his home town of Paducah, Ky., at ceremonies renaming the airport "Barkley Field." (Also see item page 50.)

Photo: International News



Francis P. Matthews, Omaha, Nebr., who has been appointed by the President of the United States to the office of Secretary of the U. S. Navy.



Ignacio Soto, who has long promoted friendship across the U. S.-Mexican border, has been elected to a six-year term as Governor of Sonora, Mexico.

Socialized Medicine in Britain

To every citizen of the United Kingdom—and that means 50 million persons—all necessary medical and hospital services are available without direct charge. So it has been since July 5, 1948, when Britain launched its National Health Service.

One of the broadest social programs ever charted by a democracy, the experiment has made headlines everywhere, and has stirred many an argument both in and out of Britain over both principle and practice.

To clarify for our readers the basic



Dr. Stephen Taylor has been a Member of Parliament since 1945. He holds B.Sc. and M.D. degrees and is a member of the Royal College of Physicians. He is an officer of a number of hospitals and a member of the Socialist Medical Association, and is a Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

issues, we invited two distinguished Britons—both medical men and Members of Parliament—to air their views on the subject in this impartially presented debate-of-the-month.

But first, these background facts may help: In its first year of operation the National Health Service cost an estimated 400 million pounds (1 3/5 billion dollars), which was financed through direct taxation. Doctors may decide for themselves whether or not they will join the plan and patients may choose their own doctor.

Glasses, artificial limbs, home nursing, prescriptions, comprehensive maternity care, dental work, and other benefits are provided under the plan, along with hospitalization and surgery where needed.—THE EDITORS.



Sir Ernest Graham-Little, F.R.C.P., has for 25 years been a Member of Parliament, where he is well known as a champion of private enterprise and freedom for the professions. With B.A. and M.D. degrees, he is an authority on medicine and for 32 years headed the dermatology department at St. Mary's Hospital.



Plan Starting Smoothly

Says Dr. Stephen Taylor

ANY serious student of Britain's health services who had suggested in 1939 that within ten years there would have been set up a comprehensive State service available to everyone without charge would have been laughed out of court as a crank or a hopeless idealist.

Yet this is what has happened. Within ten years public opinion has demanded, and got, such a service; and more than 90 percent of members of the medical profession are coöperating.

Journalists in search of failure stories have found nothing worse to criticize than an unprecedented demand for spectacles and false teeth. To see the cripple with his motor-propelled invalid chair, the legless man getting his artificial limb, and the poor mother getting an expensive iron preparation she needs instead of a cheap and possibly valueless bottle of medicine is to realize that our health service is nothing short of a revolution.

Three factors have worked together to produce

this result. First, in point of time was the miscalculation of Britain's Ministry of Health about the effects of air bombing on London. The Ministry expected that, at the outbreak of war, there would be a nightly casualty roll of many thousands in London alone. To cope with these cases, country hospitals were hastily set up in improvised buildings, staffed by doctors and nurses evacuated from London. Here, for the nine months which came to be known as the phony war period, many of Britain's best specialists sat in partial or complete idleness, waiting for casualties which did not turn up.

One result was that, for the first time, these specialists had a chance to see the low level of medical services obtaining outside the metropolis. A second result was that, with time on their hands, they began to take thought for the future in a changing postwar world; and from their pens and typewriters there flowed such a spate of plans and proposals for the reform of our health services as had never been known before in our medical history.

Next came the famous Beveridge Report on Social Security. It hit a public already tired of war and skeptical of its Government's postwar promises. To them, the Beveridge proposals seemed like the millennium. So strong was the force of public opinion that within a few months all the great political

parties were committed to them in principle, including a State medical service for the entire population. Thus, there was no party to whom the opponents of a State service could look for support.

The need for a comprehensive health service in Britain has been obvious to all who have studied our medical position. Broadly speaking, the greatest weaknesses have been the lack of any kind of insurance medical practice to cover the wives and children of the manual workers (the workers themselves have been insured since 1911 under the Lloyd George Scheme), and the difficult position in which the middle-income groups found themselves when they needed hospital and specialist care.

Working-class mothers have, time and again, had to deny themselves the luxury of a visit to the doctor, just because they could not afford it. And the middle-income families have found no place for themselves in the charity and municipal hospitals, while the cost of private nursing homes and specialists' fees have eaten into their hard-won savings. Any American visitor to Britain is struck by the need for better dental care for the people; again, it has been simply that most people just could not afford the treatment they needed. It has been the same sad story with spectacles—something like 50 percent of people had to be content with spectacles not prescribed by an optician.

It was against this background that the general election of 1945 was fought. The belief that a Conservative Government, under pressure from the British Medical Association and the insurance companies, might whittle down the Beveridge proposals certainly helped in the return of Labour's first majority Government with full power to act.

Then occurred perhaps the most important event of all. Mr. Attlee selected as his Minister of Health a man of immense drive, [Continued on page 55]



Endangers the Nation Says Sir Ernest Graham-Little

IN THE SUMMER of 1945 the National Labour party in Great Britain won the general election and took over the Government of the country. One of its most important innovations was the institution of a National Health Service erroneously described by the party as "free."

This claim was later taken up and contradicted by no less a person than Mr. Herbert Morrison, the most prominent leader of the Labour party and Lord President of the Council. In a widely publicized statement in the press, he said: "It is wrong to talk of the health services as free. Nothing is free. It all has to be paid for from the productive economic system of the country." That means from rates and taxes. Indeed, the *London Times* estimates that the cost of the Health Services by and large will rapidly approach a total of 400 million pounds a year.

I submit that the assumption of control of the

medical services by the party now in power has resulted in the destruction of the medical profession as it has existed in Britain for immemorial ages. In every civilized country in the world, medical men, following an age-old tradition, have regarded the professional confidences of their patients as the "holiest of secrets." The medical profession has evolved, and sustained for 2,000 years, a code of ethics which commanded the very particular respect of the other professions, and of the general public.

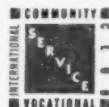
In seeming ignorance of medical tradition, the Socialists have made it impossible for medical men to obey this fundamental obligation—indeed, they have gone even further. Without reference to Parliament, and without any discussion with the profession itself, they have introduced a series of "Regulations" which compel the doctor to divulge his patient's most intimate circumstances to a number, difficult to estimate, of lay persons.

I speak with more than a quarter of a century's experience of medicine in several fields of its activities—as a busy practitioner in London; as head for 30 years of a teaching department of a famous teaching hospital (St. Mary's, London); and as an Independent Member of Parliament continuously for 25 years, representing London University, which has the largest medical faculty of any university in the world.

The National Health Service Act, passed in 1946, received a very cursory examination in Parliament, with the result that its hasty preparation has brought upon it condemnation by one of our High Court Judges, who described it as "a miracle of ineptitude." The Minister of Health has virtually been given dictatorial powers by Section 66 of the Act which allows him to determine by Regulations alone "the qualifications, remuneration, and conditions of service" of all employees under the Act.

This method of legislation by Regulation has made a very great difference in the measure of Parliamentary responsibility which every Act ought to receive. A Ministerial Regulation made on the Minister's sole responsibility is laid on the table of the House of Commons for 39 days. During that time it is open to the inspection of Members. If no objection is taken within that period to its terms, it thereupon becomes automatically statutory law. As Regulations are being issued nowadays at the rate of eight a day, it is clearly impossible for Members to keep track of their contents, and the vast majority of Regulations thus passed into law have not been seen by anyone except the Minister.

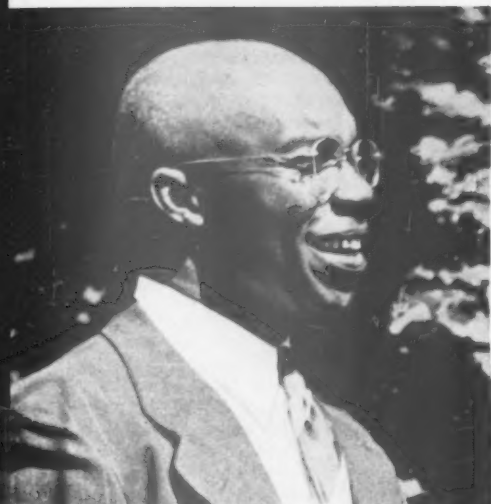
An official inquiry published in February, 1946, found that at least three times as many dentists would be required as were available. The scarcity of dentists was likely to be the first stumbling block met by the Ministry of Health, and in order to make sure there would be enough dentists to start the Service, the most attractive inducements were offered for their support. The first scale of fees showed that a hard-working dentist could make an income larger than that of the Minister of Health himself. It became obvious the Socialists had made no close examination of the [Continued on page 56]



You Wouldn't Know the Old Town Now!

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ROCKY
POINT IN NORTH CAROLINA. . . A NEGRO TEACHER
PROVED THE VIRTUES OF ELBOW GREASE.

By John M. Gibson



Prof. Anderson. The smile is typical.

AS YOU approach the small town of Rocky Point, North Carolina, your eyes open wider. You are struck by the sharp contrast between what you are seeing and what you have become accustomed to seeing in this part of the country.

The Negro homes no longer look dilapidated and weather beaten. Hardly one is unpainted or in need of repair. Most have neatly cropped lawns, and many are partially hidden by bushes bright with flowers. You are impressed by the number of gardens and cows. Churches and school buildings are modern and attractive. The people look healthy. You sense an air of contentment and community pride.

This small island of prosperity in a sea of poverty is no special beneficiary of Nature. In natural resources it is as poor as the other communities from which it differs so strikingly. Its peculiar good fortune is due, instead, to a Negro vocational agriculture teacher who believes wealth can be created by intelligent planning and hard work in those places where it does not exist.

Professor Singleton C. Anderson has spent well over a quarter of a century practicing that philosophy and giving a



This is Gooden Williams' old house in Rocky Point. Not much more rickety than most Negro homes in town, it seemed good enough until Prof. Anderson came along.

day-by-day demonstration of its soundness.

When this honor graduate of Hampton Institute went to Rocky Point in 1920 to take over his new job at the Pender County Training School, he was full of enthusiasm. But it soon gave way to discouragement. He found that he and three others constituted the entire faculty. The school buildings were ramshackle affairs, and there were far too few of them. He was told he would have to teach his classes under a tree. There was no school spirit, and he quickly sensed a community-wide disinterest in the school: Pender County families did not believe farming could be taught.

The town as a whole gave him a bad case of heartsickness. He was struck by its poverty, ignorance, and indifference. He was depressed especially by the Negro

shacks that crowded each other along the dirty, narrow alleys and streets.

Any passer-by could see that these miserable structures were too small for the families occupying them. But Professor Anderson thought there surely must be a few with rooms for rent. However, as he made a weary round, knocking on creaking doors and asking if he could rent one, he met with nothing but turndowns.

After a few days of bleak discouragement, he thought of resigning and leaving town. He certainly ought to be able to get a job with better prospects somewhere else. But he decided to stick. And he has been there ever since.

He determined to lick his personal housing problem in the only way he knew how. Getting materials together, he started build-

ing himself a house. Some of his students liked the way he went about it and offered to help. In a short time the house was finished. It was nothing elegant, just a one-roomer 8 by 10 feet. But it was all he needed. And among the miserable shacks around it, it stood out like a bright light on a dark night.

What Professor Anderson did not know was that he had just launched a house-building and home-improvement boom that in the next quarter century was going to make Rocky Point virtually a new town and revolutionize the life and outlook of the entire community.

That change got under way rapidly. The owner of one of

ing the same thing for white people, religious denominations, and the community generally. In all, they have built, renovated, and beautified 300 or more homes, churches, and schools. Now fewer than 5 percent of all the Negro homes of the community even remotely resemble those that gave him such a sickened feeling in 1920. Every new building is constructed from plans the Professor draws himself. Simplicity and comfort are emphasized.

With no outlay for labor, the costs of those new and made-over residences are fantastically low. A six-room house that would do credit to any middle-class community need not cost the owner more than \$1,200 even now. Be-

A loyal Hampton Institute alumnus, "the Prof," as his students call him, visits his alma mater in Virginia as often as he can. On one of those visits he took along as many of them as he could pack inside his dilapidated Model-T Ford. Just before starting home, they managed to find room in the rambling wreck for some cuttings and shrubs from the college nurseries. These were transplanted with great care to start the school's own nurseries which have made Rocky Point yards as pleasing as the new houses themselves and the Pender County Training School a community showplace.

The hard-working Negro leader found that many of the farms in the community contained high-grade long-leaf pine. He found, too, that this timber was excellently suited to the construction and remodeling of houses. So he made a deal with a local sawmill. After the trees have been felled by his students, it turns the logs into building material. Instead of requiring cash, the sawmill allows the landowners to pay in finished lumber.

The thing Professor Anderson and his boys are proudest of is



And this is Gooden Williams' new house. Built by the Professor and his boys, it is typical of scores they have erected. . . . (Right) The Professor's first house, which started things, going up in 1920.

those weather-beaten houses now wanted something better. But he immediately ran into the same problem that the people of Rocky Point had been running into for generations: the problem of money. He took it to Professor Anderson. The agriculture teacher was sure his students would work as hard for his neighbor as they had worked for him, and also without pay. He was right, and soon another bright, attractive structure had displaced one of those ancient eyesores.

Then others asked for help. After a while the hard-working teacher (who always does everything he asks anybody else to do) and his eager youngsters were do-

fore the war such homes averaged about \$300 each.

One of the first fruits of Rocky Point's building renaissance was a new vocational building for the school—built by the same unbeatable teamwork, industry, and enthusiasm. Later, when the old school's new spirit brought a tremendous increase in enrollment (it has jumped from 100 to 1,000) a bigger, even more suitable building was put up the same way.





CHEER . . . UP!

JOHNNY MOOSHY operates an elevator in the Pure Oil Building in Chicago. If you took a poll in the building, at least seven out of ten people would agree he is an outstanding success.

No one can go up or down with Johnny without having his spirits lifted. He's better than vitamins. And you don't ride with him long before he knows the number of your floor. If he ever overshoots your stop a few feet, he'll quickly say, "Step down, please."

How can you get impatient with a guy like that? But Johnny never kids with safety. He takes time to be safe.

One day when we were alone I said, "Johnny, doesn't your job ever get monotonous?"

"It might if I let it," he said. "Or if I kept worrying about something. You know yourself, if you take part in some kind of sport that you don't have any interest in, you're not gonna be any good at it. Well, I look at my work the same way."

"Sometimes people ask me how I can feel so good on a rainy day, and I say, 'What's the weather got to do with it, as long as you feel good?' They say, 'Well, the rain may turn to ice.' And I say, 'So what? There's nothing we can do about it except take it easy.'"

"Don't you ever hate to get up and go to work in the morning?" I asked.

"Not any more," he said. "I took a vacation once between jobs. I stretched out the two weeks into three and then four, and I almost got to the point where I didn't want to work any more. I discovered then that all play and no work makes a dull boy, too."

"So you really enjoy your work?"

"Sure. I think recreation is important. I bowl two nights a week. But I also make my work a part of my daily recreation."

I think Johnny hit the bulls-eye with that idea. As long as we make our work our daily recreation, we not only enjoy it—we do well at it.

—Harry T. Everingham

the school workshop. It is said to be the best in all North Carolina, bar none. From its workbenches and lathes have come furniture and playground equipment for both white and Negro schools all over the county. Other work has restored broken tools and even heavy machinery for farmers all over that part of the State.

Some years ago Dr. Pender Porter, a local boy who had built up a highly successful practice in Brooklyn, shipped some valuable furniture to his old home. In transit it was damaged badly.

Dr. Porter's extremity was Professor Anderson's opportunity. He offered to repair the damage, and soon he and his students were hard at work straightening crooked chair legs, replacing torn covers, painting over ugly scars. Like other work done by the Anderson team, it was done without any thought of pay.

Pleased and surprised with the result, Dr. Porter asked the school to do a number of other restoration jobs. Then to show his appreciation, he set up a trust fund of \$1,000 for the workshop. At his death he did even more. His will included an outright bequest of \$3,900.

This latter sum paid for the Porter Cannery, which also was built at only a fraction of its normal cost because of the free labor. Well equipped, it can turn out 1,800 quarts a day. Produce grown on farms and in backyard gardens of white people and Negroes alike over a 20-mile radius is unloaded from wagons and trucks and picked up later in shiny tins. Besides keeping families well fed the year around, the cannery also provides a steady income for those with surplus products. Professor Anderson is encouraging the canning of chicken, pork, and beef, as well as fruits and vegetables.

"The Prof's" influence has been seen in other ways, too. Thanks to that shirt-sleeved association between this kindly, conscientious leader and youngsters of the twig-bending age, the Rocky Point community has undergone a spiritual rebirth as drastic as the change in its physical appearance. Law-enforcement officials, to whom this was a trouble spot in 1920, now say it is one of the

most law-abiding communities in North Carolina.

That teamwork has paid off otherwise too. It has given Rocky Point a valuable reservoir of skilled and semiskilled labor. During World War II more than 200 of Professor Anderson's students were trained as shipbuilders and for other types of war work. This labor pool proved a particular boon to the shipyards at Wilmington, working feverishly on Government contracts to help beat the submarine menace. Also, his former students have been putting the Anderson idea to practical use as teachers and county agricultural agents.

The fame of this successful experiment in community improvement has long since spread far beyond Rocky Point and Pender County. As early as 1928, Professor Anderson was named North Carolina's master teacher by his fellow vocational agriculture teachers. In 1940 the New Farmers of America, the Negro counterpart of the Future Farmers of America, gave him a gold key in tribute to his outstanding service to Negro farm youth.

IN 1946 Hampton Institute named him its most outstanding alumnus of the year. In May of that year he was invited to appear before a Congressional committee in support of a proposal to expand vocational education in all parts of the United States.

More recently Professor Anderson was chosen by the United Negro Fund to go to New York City for an official reception by Mayor William O'Dwyer. He was selected, the Fund emphasized in a public statement, "not because he is a Negro, but because he represents the embodiment of the American spirit, the American ideal of service to his fellowmen."

All these honors, and others, the modest Negro educator has taken in his stride. The flattering offers that have been pressed upon him by other and larger institutions he has politely declined. Now in his early 50's, he knows he would never be so happy anywhere else on earth. Nowhere else could he possibly get so much fun out of practicing his philosophy of hard work and helping other people.



Photo: Acme

Give Your Coach a Break

DON'T CRITICIZE WHEN HE KEEPS A STAR OUT OF A CRUSHING LINE SMASH. . . BEFORE YOU KNOW WHY.

By Elmer F Layden

Former Football Player and Coach

IT'S an Autumn afternoon on any American football field. Your boys are trailing 12 to 14 when a spinner play puts them squarely on the ten-yard stripe with goal and 30 seconds to go! You and everybody else stand, cheer frantically, then take up the chant of the cheer queens: "We want Curtis! We want Curtis!"

Dick Curtis, star kicking back, squirms on the bench. He digs his cleats in the dirt. He wants to get in there and kick that winning field goal. But the coach sits adamant, collar high, jaw tight, staring straight ahead.

Your squad breaks from the huddle into kick formation. The ball goes up—yards wide of the posts. The final gun explodes all hopes for the conference championship.



"If only the coach had sent Dick Curtis

in!" the hoarse alumnus beside you exclaims. "Yeah!" you chime in with disgust. Everyone around you is muttering.

Next day the papers say the coach wouldn't let Curtis play because of a slight concussion from a game the week before. "Alibi!" cries the sports columnist and a few days later he reports that students and alumni are holding a "Good-by, coach!" rally. And so another athletic mentor—one who puts the welfare of his boys above winning—is on the way out.

An extreme case? I should say not! I've seen it happen over and over again in high schools and colleges. The simple—and brutal—fact is this: the fans want a winning team. A coach is paid to produce. If he doesn't, get another!

That's the pattern. I rise to suggest that there's something rankly wrong here. Not so wrong,

however, that it can't be corrected by fans who will insist upon good sportsmanship in relations with the coach. A community doesn't cut off the head of a lawyer or a doctor because he loses a case. Remember that your coach is a professional man, too.

Don't misunderstand me. I've been in athletics 28 years as player, coach, and official. And I know the thrill of winning. But the scoreboard is not everything. *Far more important are the boys themselves.* Your coach—if he's really trained for his job—knows that. He's trying to put that belief into practice when he keeps a Dick Curtis on the bench.

I've known hundreds of coaches. They're human beings. They want to succeed in their chosen profession. Don't compel them to take undue risks with boys to do it.

If you think I overstate the se-

riousness of the hot spot the coach sits on, consider the facts: In one large regional conference, for example, statistics that go all the way back into the 1890s show that the average head coach has lasted just 2¾ seasons.

I remember Knute Rockne saying a coach can't possibly be judged that fast. He was right. A coach should be hired to build boys as well as win games. He should be judged by results over a period of years, not on one or two gaudy seasons.

I am not saying that a coach can do no wrong. Not at all. But I do insist that there are a lot of unseen as well as seen factors in any coaching situation. When your high school or college has hired a man for the job, presumably he has the know-how. Give him a really fair chance to make good.

Don't penalize him for hard luck. You might say wins are compounded of 30 percent coaching, 30 percent "spirit," and 40 percent springy and tough muscles and quick thinking. But even with the perfect combination, you still can lose games, either because some players are out with injuries or because of a fluke combination the opposing coach may have in a dead-eye pass tosser, and a lanky end with glue on his fingers.

No matter how good the pregame coaching, if the breaks are against it, a team can lose.

Then there are those situations involving hairline judgments not only as to whether the player can "deliver the goods," but whether, because of his physical condition, he should be allowed to try. In professional football, even though Steve Van Buren had a heavy cold and was running a temperature of 103, he was sent in—and made his famous 65-yard charge against the Detroit Lions back in 1946. But coaches guard against that in the college and high-school circuits.

I remember a heartbreaking story, however, where a Dick Curtis was put in, and tragedy fol-

lowed. It happened in 1920. Notre Dame was winding up an undefeated season on November 20 against Northwestern in Evanston.

Coach Rockne's star halfback, George Gipp, had suffered a shoulder injury in the game with Indiana the week before. "Rock" said he wouldn't play against Northwestern. And he didn't, either—until the fourth quarter, when the stands kept chanting for him and the boy himself was restless to get in the game. Rockne, first assuring himself that Gipp was in good enough physical condition, put him in for the fourth quarter—and there was bedlam in the Notre Dame stands.

Gipp made two touchdown passes that quarter and cinched his place on the all-American team of 1920. Newspapers bannered his praise. But shortly after the game, Gipp, who from childhood had had trouble with his tonsils, came down with a severe attack of tonsillitis. A few days later he was hospitalized in South Bend with pneumonia. For nearly three weeks his condition wavered as his mother, sister, and Coach Rockne stood by his bedside. Then early on the morning of December 14 he died.

Gipp's mother and the attending physicians put the blame on his chronic

tonsil condition, but in Knute Rockne's mind there was always the haunting question: would it have happened if Gipp had not gone into the game in his weakened condition?

Today the coach's first concern is not with the score, but with the boy. I say these coaches are "dignifying their vocation," to use a Rotary phrase. And I think it behooves all fans—especially business and professional men who believe in ethical conduct—to back up coaches who try to keep sports clean.

Just as every game has its breaks, every season has its own brand of problems to vex coaches. We seem to be out of the war-veteran era of college football now. This year's squads are younger and faster, easier to handle, and more influenced by that old school spirit. And I will venture the prediction that there will be more responsibility placed on the judgment of the players with less telegraphing of plays from the bench by means of substitutions. I look for a return of—well, I'll tell a story to illustrate what I mean.

Back in 1926, Fielding Yost's Michigan team was battling Ohio State. With 22 seconds of the first half remaining, Friedman place-kicked a field goal that sailed 70 yards before it touched the



In football's early days, U. S. President "Teddy" Roosevelt (inset) told coaches to "clean up the game and make it safe!" They did. Now modern gridiron leaders work to keep it that way. These, inspecting new gear at a New York meeting, are: Little of Columbia; Harlow of Harvard; Crisler of Michigan; McLaughry of Dartmouth; and Stuhldreher of Wisconsin.



Photos: (Inset) Underwood; Acme



In conditioning like this the coach builds men—not just stars. This is Villanova (in Pennsylvania) with Coach Oliver out front.

ground nearly 20 yards behind Ohio State's goal posts.

"Everybody expected a pass," Yost said afterward, "and so did I."

Later in that same game Michigan was on the ten-yard line, and instead of taking another three points with an easy field goal, Friedman passed—and it was completed for a breathless touchdown. The difference between a field goal and a touchdown at that point won the game for Michigan, but Coach Yost confided after the game was over, "I must admit I was as much amazed as anyone when Friedman elected to pass instead of kick."

If Yost had called the plays for Friedman, Michigan probably would have lost against Ohio State, and fans would have been cheated out of the two most spectacular plays in the game.

When I was a player, you had to think. Now the coach calls the plays, and to me that takes much out of the game.

But I like to think we're going back to the kind of football that is played on the gridiron and is not merely a contest of masterminding strategy between the two opposite coaching benches. We shall have it again if fans will let up the pressure on the coach just to win.

Let's put the emphasis of athletics where it belongs—on teaching boys to think for themselves and to play hard for the sport of

it. Don't let me give the impression that we have lost these aims in theory or in practice. We haven't. But I'm in favor of even more.

Cynics who say that amateur college athletics have gone to pot and have become professionalized draw conclusions from skimpy evidence. In well-run college circuits, the kid playing his heart out there on the field often draws less financial aid than do other collegians for their brilliance in the classroom.

Athletic directors have for years been trying to root out the objectionable practices in player recruiting, subsidization, and win-at-any-price tactics. Football is much safer than it was some 40-odd years ago when "Teddy" Roosevelt called the big-college coaches to the White House. In those days 30 to 40 players were losing their lives every year. The President said, "Men, you'll have to clean up this game. It's a national scandal. If you don't, I'm going to outlaw football!" And he would have, too!

Today, with rules committees and associations, scientifically constructed uniforms to provide the utmost protection, and precision plays, football is a game of skill rather than a contest of force. And these advances, mind you, were made by the coaches themselves, men who believe that the welfare of their players comes first and touchdowns come sec-

ond. And they did it despite the hullabaloo of the fans who howl for the Dick Curtises to be put on the field.

Modern athletics have become a science and an art. Earnest and capable men can spend their lives studying football, basketball, and other sports. They've made great progress in "cleaning them up" since "Teddy" Roosevelt's day, paralleling the ethical development of law, medicine, and other professions. Like the lawyers and the doctors, coaches need the support of public opinion, which is to say *you*.

WHEN the coach of your favorite team runs into a string of defeats—give him a break. Let him know that you are more interested in having him build sportsmanship and young manhood than in having him chalk up winning games.

If that is done, then your game will be what John Galsworthy says of all honest sport: "... it is the most saving grace in the world, with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. And if we establish this fair-play spirit in international affairs, we shall see the cat force that rules there slink away and human life emerge for the first time from the jungle."

Strong words. And you will note, they have their beginning in honest sportsmanship.



Make a

AN EMBITTERED actor is said to have specified in his will that he should be cremated and 10 percent of his ashes thrown in his agent's face. Silly—yet not sillier than many a will written in anger to make sure that a disliked person doesn't inherit. Just as thoughtless are the people who don't make a will at all—and most of us do die intestate.

"Why go to the trouble and expense of making a will?" you ask. "I'll just leave it and my wife will get it all. She'll know how best to use it."

It's not so simple as that.

You have bonds? A house? A car? Furniture? A small bank account? If you die intestate, the law steps in and arbitrarily distributes your estate in accordance with ironclad rules of descent. Deserving and undeserving relatives alike will come in for a share. And every claimant, legitimate or fraudulent, costs your estate money.

Henrietta Garrett, of Pennsylvania, died in 1930, possessed of 30 million dollars. She left no will, and 26,000 claimants came to the front! The estate isn't settled yet. In addition to the cost of investigating claims, there is the possibility that the State may take 80 percent of the millions, by virtue of a Pennsylvania law permitting such action where an estate remains unsettled after seven years.

If you want to make certain your loved ones will be provided for in accordance with your wishes, you need a will. Don't put it off.

Here are some suggestions that may save you money or forestall court contest:

NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE SURE THAT IT
WILL DO WHAT YOU REALLY WANT IT TO DO.

By David Dressler

*Formerly Executive Director
New York State Parole Board*

Have a lawyer draft the document. The few dollars it costs will be more than justified by the protection you get. "Where there's a will there's a lawsuit," some say. Inheritance laws are technical, highly complicated. In some countries there is a limit to the amount you may leave to charity. In some you can't entirely cut off your spouse. Your attorney knows these laws.

HE CAN help word the document, to avoid loose phrases that may cause unforeseen trouble. A woman was bequeathed a life annuity as long as she remained "above ground." After her death her husband continued to collect her annuity for 30 years by keeping her remains in a glass coffin, *above ground*, in a room set aside for that purpose.

It is well to have your facts and intentions clearly in mind before you visit your attorney. Have a statement of your assets. Decide how you want to distribute them: what should be willed outright, what held in trust.

Designate an executor. If you don't, the court will. That person will have to be bonded and will receive a commission at the expense of your estate. Wouldn't you rather designate your wife, waive the bond, and keep the commission in the family?

With facts and intentions in

mind, select the proper conditions for executing your will.

Make it when you are of sound mind and body, otherwise you invite contest.

Being eccentric doesn't disqualify you from executing a valid will. Even an insane person may draft one in a lucid interval. Violence and intemperance of speech and conduct, eccentricities, and the enfeeblement of age do not invalidate the maker's will if he understands the amount and condition of his property, the claims of those who are objects of his bounty, and the will's provisions.

It's clear that what the courts mean is that you may have a broken leg or a bad kidney, and still be sound enough to draw a will. Your *thinking* must be unimpaired.

It's best to leave no room for doubt. It's no protection to begin the document: "I, Abner Abernathy, being of sound mind and body. . . ." Abner might say that even if he privately thought he was Napoleon Bonaparte. Better protection is to chat intelligently with your witnesses, sign the will, put down the pen with a flourish, and cry, "Boy! I feel grand today! Never felt better in my life!" Thus, witnesses can testify later to your soundness at the time the will was executed.



will!



Illustrations by Gerhardt-Hurt

You must also establish that you have not been subject to undue influence or coercion in the execution of your will. A good way to avoid this imputation is to tell no one the conditions; go alone to your lawyer; don't use beneficiaries as witnesses—in fact, choose people who don't even know them. And if you anticipate a contest because you've cut someone out of your estate, plan to insert in the will a statement as to why you remembered one person and not another.

Select an attorney who does a good, unhurried job.

A man died, leaving a will and a codicil. His lawyer must have been in a hurry, for the will contained many illegal features and the codicil was entirely worthless because it was witnessed by only one person. The estate spent \$16,000 in lawyer's fees to reach an amicable agreement to overcome the defects in the will and codicil.

See to it that your attorney listens to all your problems and takes time to draw the will exactly according to your wishes.

The law wants to allow you to dispose of your property as you desire. But if you are unduly capricious at the expense of legitimate heirs, you may be in for trouble.

No one objected when a bachelor, with no close relatives, left all his property to three ladies who had rejected his proposals of marriage years before. He explained that because of their refusal, "to them I owe all my worldly happiness."

But hopeful and legal heirs saw

red when they heard the will of the fiery Englishman who left his property as a fund to provide whisky annually to 20 Irishmen who were to visit the cemetery on a given day. There, "each shall receive it by half pint at a time, till the whole is consumed, each being likewise provided with a stout open stick and a knife." Moreover, "they shall drink it all on the spot. Knowing what I know of the Irish character, my conviction is, that with these materials given, they will not fail to destroy each other, and when in the course of time the race comes to be exterminated, this neighborhood, at least, may, perhaps, be colonized by civilized and respectable Englishmen."

One anti-caprice quirk in the law in the United States is that many States won't allow you to disinherit your wife in favor of a

cat. If you have close relatives, don't follow the example of the horse fancier who declared, "I appoint my russet cob my universal heir." Or of the lady who left 10,000 francs to her cat, on its death the money to be spent on elementary schools!

It's natural to want that last laugh, that caustic comment you've repressed for years. But some remarks in wills have been ruled to indicate unsound mind. Others have been considered libelous, with heavy damages assessed against the estate.

Avoid statements like these, culled from actual wills:

"To my valet I leave the clothes he has been stealing."

"To my wife I leave her lover, and the knowledge I wasn't the fool she thought I was. To my son I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For 25 years he thought the pleasure was mine. To my daughter I leave \$100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her."

And don't set conditions so outlandish as to invite a suit.

Sometimes a will becomes inoperative because its conditions can't be met. Recently a Frenchman, Dr. Caillet, bequeathed an annual prize for the citizen of Nice who had the straightest nose, smallest wrists, and largest hands—provided his hair was red and his eyebrows black. The will was declared invalid.

A beneficiary might well have a willing ear in court should she be subject to the conditions set by



"Her husband continued to collect her annuity for 30 years by keeping her remains in a glass coffin, above ground, in a room that had been set aside for that purpose."



BANKRUPT

A Word with a History

IT'S FORTUNATE for those who face bankruptcy that the law doesn't concur with the judgment of Charles Lamb, the English writer. In 1829 he asserted, "All bankrupts . . . ought to be hanged."

Today bankrupts, however roughly they think themselves treated, do not undergo the public humiliation bestowed in medieval times upon a man who couldn't pay his debts. Consider, for example, what happened in the 15th Century to a man adjudged a "convenient" or fraudulent bankrupt in Hamburg, Germany:

At noon of a weekday, while the bourse or stock exchange was crowded with dinner-bound people, two uniformed drummers began attracting the curious with a sustained roll of their drums. In the meantime, a large blackboard bearing the name of the bankrupt man was placed over a high doorway. Then, from a tall tower, the "schand glocke" (shame bell) began tolling its unhappy message.

This penalty of disgrace dates back to provisions of the Hanseatic League in the 14th Century. Then a bankrupt's patent of citizenship and his certificate as a merchant were burned by the public hang-

man. Bankruptcy got its name from early-day Italy. Bankers or money-changers conducted business from benches or stalls in the Italian bourse. When one failed and became insolvent, his bench was broken and the name of "broken bench" or "banco-rotto" given him. The English changed it to "bankerout" and in time it became "bankrupt."

—Louise Belote Dawe



one man. He left to his nagging wife all his property—provided that on each anniversary of his death she walk to the market place barefooted, hold a candle aloft, confess her behavior, and say that had her tongue been shorter, her husband's life would have been longer.

This doesn't mean you may not set stern, even eccentric conditions. But your lawyer had better advise you how to make them stick. Stephen Girard, endowing his college, succeeded in providing that "no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever" should ever be allowed within the college wall. His relatives hired Daniel Webster to break the will, but Dan'l couldn't.

If you attach inflexible conditions to your bequest, however, your ghost, peering over the executor's shoulder, may later regret it. This is particularly true of charitable gifts. *The world changes. Don't tie your gift up so that it becomes impossible to use it when conditions change.*

One million dollars has already accumulated in a fund willed to help people passing through St. Louis, Missouri, going west. The covered-wagon days are over.

A ship owner left money for a home for indigent seamen off sailing vessels. With the advent of steam a fund of several million dollars has accumulated, with no place to go.

It is difficult to anticipate what changes time will bring. Why not leave the money to your favorite philanthropy—with no strings attached?

Now, armed with all these considerations, you are ready to commit your will to writing.

It may seem an unnecessary

suggestion, but *put your will on paper, if there's time.*

If properly executed, it is legal when inscribed on almost anything. But why be bizarre, and perhaps cost your estate money?

A man wrote his will on a door and the executors had to carry it into court for probate.

When a sick man chose to write his will on his nurse's petticoat, it was months before the document was uncovered; meantime other means had been taken to distribute the property.

In certain emergencies a bizarre document is acceptable as an alternative to no will at all. A court probated the will of a brakeman, fatally injured in a crash, who scribbled on a route sheet, "My wife to have all."

BUT if you draw up your will in plenty of time, use paper. It is more readily filed than a door.

Then let your attorney help you make, publish, and declare your will properly. You make your will by creating its substance. Then you affix your signature in the presence of witnesses. You publish the will by telling the witnesses that the paper writing they are called upon to witness is a will. Then the will is declared—that is, it has been created and published and is now accepted as yours.

Having executed your will, don't forget it. Keep it in a safe place. Let the proper people know where it is, so it may be produced when required. And review it occasionally to determine whether altered circumstances require changes in the will. Maybe you've stopped being mad at Jimmy. Maybe your favorite Aunt Jane predeceased you.



"The fiery Englishman left his property to provide whisky annually to 20 Irishmen."

Peeps at Things to Come

PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Bug Blasters.** Barbasco root has been used for generations by the Indians of the American Tropics to make a fish poison that kills fish but does no harm to the humans who eat the fish. Chemists have long known it as the source of rotenone, an insect poison that is wholly noninjurious to warm-blooded animals. Now, combined with pyrethrum products, for knock-down effect, and certain other organic chemicals, all highly objectionable to insects and harmless to warm-blooded mammals, it is available for home, stock-barn, and factory uses, as well as in restaurants and bakeries and other food-handling establishments.

■ **Cadmium Mercury Lamp.** A new type of mercury-vapor lamp designed for use in motion-picture studios adds to comfort because it is cool, radiating only a small amount of heat. It is actually a short-arc, cadmium-mercury lamp in which a small amount of cadmium is added to the mercury. Adding the cadmium to the mercury inside its rugged quartz bulb provides enough red and other colors to make the light suitable for color movies. From the standpoint of lumens of light per kilowatt hour of current, it is one of the most efficient lights.

■ **Mistake Eradicator.** A new kind of typewriter ribbon makes it possible to turn out a perfectly typed letter every time. Typing errors or whole sentences can be made to vanish completely by simply fading away the words by the touch of the eradicator that comes with the ribbon. Erasures leave not the faintest mark or trace of the error and the ribbon keeps the typewriter keys clean much longer.

■ **Paper Plastic Bottles.** Milk bottles may now be made of paper coated with vinyl-plastic resins. The rolls of paper are die-cut flat, the blanks fed into a forming machine which also sterilizes and fills the bottles in one operation. The containers are designed to give maximum capacity with minimum space, and machines give a range of four sizes.

■ **Tinning Metals.** If you have ever tried to solder metals hard to "tin," such as cast iron, you will appreciate a new tinning compound in the form of a powdered metal containing a nonwater-collecting flux. The combination works purely by the heat of the metals to which it is applied, and, consequently, is also an accurate gauge as to the amount of heat contained in large bearings, etc. This compound starts to turn liquid at 350° and tins cast iron effectively at 400°. With this product it is easy to solder things heretofore unsol-

derable, such as cast-iron water jackets, cylinder heads, cast-steel bearings, pipes, scored cylinders, etc. A special variety of this tinning compound for restoring damaged galvanizing is also obtainable.

■ **Drilling Concrete.** A concrete-drilling job can be done quickly and easily with a rotary cemented-carbide drill which will cut holes in concrete at the rate of 2 inches or more a minute in all diameters from a quarter of an inch to 2 inches. The specially treated carbide cutters are used with an ordinary electric drill or hand brace.

■ **Adhesive That Bonds.** Adhesives that will stick plastics together are much in demand and hard to find. A new one will bond polystyrene to itself as well as to paper, cardboard, fabrics, glass, rubber, and some other plastics as well. It is easily applied to both wet and dry assemblies.

■ **Lightweight Roof Tile.** A new white cellular compound of calcium silicate is now being made into a tile for structural roof decks. The slabs are 2½ inches thick and weigh only about five pounds per square foot—a fraction of the weight of common roof-deck materials.

■ **Styrene Available.** During World War II vast quantities of styrenes were made to be used in the synthetic-rubber industry. As a result of this war produc-

tion, styrene is lower in price and is available in great quantity. It is being united with oils in the paint industry, for it imparts to the oily vehicles many good properties, such as fast drying, durability, water and alkali resistance, light color, and effective electrical characteristics.

■ **Tough Tools.** A new process for treating machine tools, metal-cutting band saws, and the like increases the active life (that is, the number of unit uses between required sharpenings) from two- to five-fold at a cost of 15 percent of the price of the tool. The process also gives antirust properties. After this treatment the surface of the tool looks as though it has been "Parkerized" like a gun barrel.

■ **Self-Cleaning House Paint.** After four years of research a paint company has developed a one-coat house paint which has great resistance to peeling and shows a minimum of discoloration. The film provided by the paint is self-cleansing because it gradually chalks at the surface and is constantly washed away, leaving the paint always bright and shiny. One application is said to last at least four or five years.

■ **Just a Gadget.** What next! Scientists toil long hours to invent a new plastic, spend hours in finding a way to tint and shape it—and lo! we have a plastic hamburger-patty maker, made to simulate the bun in which the hamburger, when cooked, will be served! Science is wonderful.

■ **Surface Coat.** A material which seems like a paint—at least it is applied like a paint—but which is actually a material with a synthetic-rubber base, dries immediately upon application and is highly resistant to abrasion, heat, cold, dampness, alkalies, sun, smoke, salt spray, solvents, fumes, and fire.

■ **Rubber-Lined Pipe.** Steel pipe and fittings lined with a synthetic rubber, specially resistant to abrasion and chemicals at normal and subfreezing temperatures are now available for various technical uses in all standard sizes from 8-inch to 36-inch diameters.

■ **Fungicide.** A new synthetic organic chemical has been found more generally effective for black-spot and other fungus diseases than any heretofore available. It is also less apt to cause injury to plant life. It has been under investigation since 1931, and only now is it being put up in containers suitable for home gardeners.

■ **Old Wine: New Bottles.** An old principle, that of the hektograph, has been applied to a new use—an addressing machine. Special "carbon paper" is used in making the addressing ribbon, which is good for 100 impressions. Simple—and cheap.

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



Knitting, 1949-style. Just wind yarn around this plastic frame, lift the strands over the pegs with a crochet hook, and the finished rows slide out below. No mumbling, "knit one, purl two." It's for items up to 154 stitches.

THE OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

This Rotary Month

News Notes from 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago

President to Japan. October 1 was to find Rotary's President, Percy Hodgson, and his wife, Edith, in Japan on a 15-day visit among the 14 Clubs and some 650 Rotarians of that country.

The tour—by air all the way—was to begin in Chicago September 16, take the First Couple to Alaska, Japan, Hong Kong, The Philippines, and Hawaii, and end in Chicago October 23.

Just behind the Hodgsons is their Rotary tour of Europe which covered seven lands and filled the month of August. In the few days between these two journeys (and watch for reports on them in future issues), President "Perce" found time—but how?—to clear his desk at the Parkin Yarn Mill in Pawtucket, R. I.; address a large intercity meeting in Vermont; clear his desk in Rotary's Central Office; repack his brief case; and reach Chicago's Municipal Airport with minutes to spare.

United Nations Week. It's set for October 17-24. Rotary Clubs are urged (see page 64) to spearhead community-wide observances.

Fellows. The 56 Rotary Foundation Fellows for 1949-50—numbering 52 men and four women—are now starting their studies in lands other than their own. All graduate students, they come from 20 countries, will study for a year on grants ranging from \$1,800 to \$3,400 in colleges and universities of their choice. . . . Four of the new Fellows "interned" at the U. N. this past Summer, are shown on page 37. . . . The Rotary Foundation, incidentally, is now within \$330,000 of the 2 million dollars to be raised since the death of Rotary's Founder, Paul Harris.

Meetings. Magazine Committee.....Oct. 6-7.....Chicago, Ill.
Aims and Objects Committee.....Oct. 23-25.....Chicago, Ill.
1950 Convention Committee.....Oct. 26-27.....Detroit, Mich.
Finance Committee.....Nov. 2-4.....Chicago, Ill.
Rotary Foundation Trustees.....Nov. 5.....Chicago, Ill.

Conventions. Rotary's next one—its international Convention for 1950—will take place in Detroit, Mich., June 18-22. How it will differ from past reunions is noted on page 64. . . . Then, in 1951, comes a full-scale Convention in Mexico City, if certain arrangements can be made. . . . And in 1952?—Rotary's Board has agreed it shall be a "delegates' Convention" held in Canada or the U.S.A., and encourages Clubs in these countries whose cities can handle about 6,000 persons to extend an invitation. Deadline for receipt of such invitations is December 1, 1949.

Ambato. To the Rotary Club of Ambato, Ecuador, where 4,000 people lost their lives in an earthquake in August, to Ecuador's President Galo Plaza, and to Rotary District Governor Manuel Adrian Navarro, President Hodgson and the Board of Directors cabled deepest sympathy and received grateful responses.

Reminder. Clubs in the U.S.A. have been ruled as exempt from payment of income tax, but they must file Form 990 with the Collector of Internal Revenue on or before the 15th day of the fifth month following the close of their annual accounting period. If that's June 30, your deadline is November 15. If it's May 31, your deadline is October 15!

Vital Statistics. On August 29 there were 6,867 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 330,000 Rotarians. New and readmitted Clubs since July 1 totalled 35.



Intent on proceedings in a U. N. Conference room, these interns listen through the headsets of the translator system.



Meals in the U. N. cafeteria prove the time and place for talk large and small. This group represents four countries.

Young Eyes on U. N.

ROTARY HELPS THEM GET THE FOCUS.

FIFTY-SIX young people from 28 lands have just gained a close-up view of the United Nations—an inside view, in fact! They spent eight Summer weeks in its Secretariat at Lake Success, New York—as full-time but nonpaid employees.

Called "U. N. interns" and chosen largely from lists drawn up by nations of the U. N., the 56 students and graduates worked as research assistants and document officers, "sat in" at U. N. meetings, heard lectures by senior staffmen, and talked world problems with world personalities.

As it did in 1948, the Rotary Foundation again supported the intern program, joining with the U. N. in financing it. Grants from the Foundation provided living allowances and housing (in Columbia University's John Jay Hall) for 25 of the interns, five of whom Rotary International nominated. These five are Rotary Foundation Fellows and are pictured on this page. Nine other interns were named and aided by universities.



Interns Leonard Owens, of Bellefonte, Pa., and Bhaskar Mundkur, of India, are briefed for their duties with the United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources by its executive secretary A. J. Van Tassel.

Photos: U. N. Dept. of Public Inf.



Canada's Permanent Representative to the U. N., Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, chats with the five interns who are Rotary Fellows. Left to right: 1948-49 Fellow Otto Borch, of Copenhagen, Denmark; 1949-50 Fellows Leonard Owens, of Bellefonte, Pa.; Fred Galanto, of Worcester, Mass.; William Roth, of Rock Island, Ill.; and Wm. Hayden, of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; and Gen. McNaughton.

Looking at Movies

CURRENT FILMS REVIEWED AND RATED

ACCORDING TO THEIR AUDIENCE SUITABILITY.

By Jane Lockhart

KEY: Audience Suitability: M—Mature. Y—Younger. C—Children.
★—Of More Than Passing Interest.

The Forbidden Street (20th Century-Fox). Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara, Sybil Thorndyke. Director: William Perlberg. *Drama* adapted from novel *Britannia Mews*, by Margery Sharp, set in London in late 1900s and made in that city by American company. The woes of a lady of good family who marries an alcoholic artist, endures his cruelties and infidelities in slum home until his accidental death, still cannot escape the neighborhood because of blackmailing by evil old woman, finally works out happier life with man who looks like the artist, but does not drink to quite such excess.

A drawn-out, detailed, episodic period piece, mechanically performed. Of mild interest as sentimental drama, but without much dramatic point or reason for being. **M**

★ **Alias Nick Beal** (Paramount). Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell. Director: John Farrow. *Drama*. When a charming stranger offers to help a district attorney famed for his honesty to obtain (illegally) the evidence that will convict notorious criminal and thereby advance his political career, he succumbs to temptation. Too late he discovers that the stranger is Satan in disguise and that he has traded his soul for the governorship. But he redeems himself and overcomes his tempter.

An engrossing morality tale, effectively directed and acted, preaching a valuable lesson in dramatic terms. **M, Y**

We Were Strangers (Columbia). John Garfield, Jennifer Jones, Gilbert Roland. *Melodrama*. Detailed dramatization of plot to kill Government officials engineered during Cuban revolution by assorted group under leadership of Cuban-American, well equipped with cash, who has returned to carry on his exiled father's unfinished task. The plot fizzles out, but a wider insurrection is launched as it does so.

The details of the plot are presented so graphically that on the surface this appears as a realistic production. But analysis reveals that we really know little about why these people are revolutionaries, that the film has failed to make them, except for the dock worker played by Roland, come alive for us. The ending, too, leaves things up in the air. Exciting in spots, but unsatisfactory and colorless over-all. **M**

Sorrowful Jones (Paramount). Lucille Ball, William Demarest, Bob Hope, Mary Jane Saunders. Director: Sidney Lanfield. *Comedy*. A remake of *Little Miss Marker*, which started Shirley Temple on road to fame. Based on Damon Runyon story about penurious Broadway bookie who is charmed out of his tight-fisted, subservient bachelor ways by small girl left with him as hostage for the price of a bet by her father, killed shortly thereafter by gangster action.

Juxtaposition of farce and serious gangster warfare strikes a jarring note. But admirers will find plenty of the footage dealing with Bob Hope to their liking, with its rapid-fire wisecracks, slapstick situations. **M, Y**

★ **Operetta** (Austrian). Writer, director, star: Willy Forst. *Musical* featuring scenes and musical numbers from a number of Viennese light operas, with, as background, the story of a composer's persistent love for an opera star.

A bright, spirited film, with enthusiastic performances by large cast. Produced before the war, but only now being released in the U. S. **M, Y**

★ **The Great Sinner** (MGM). Melvyn Douglas, Ava Gardner, Walter Huston, Gregory Peck. Director: Robert Siodmak. *Drama*. The downfall of a young Russian novelist who succeeds in reforming a charming lady of the gambling mania, but contracts it himself. He

ends up in the depths, but is finally saved after confessing his depravity at the altar and on the pages of a new novel, with the lady sticking by him to the end. Set at German spa and casino of the mid-1800s.

Another in what seems to be a trend toward picturizations of the lengths to which unbridled gambling can lead human beings who become addicted to it. Like the others, it aims to present arguments against contracting the "disease," like them it paints the vice as so attractive the reaction is likely to be: "How much fun before the fall! And I would know when to stop."

This is ably performed and directed, with a number of interesting minor characterizations. Probably confusing in its moral implications. **M, Y**

★ **Sand** (20th Century-Fox). Rory Calhoun, Henry Hull, Coleen Gray, Mark Stevens. Director: Louis King. *Drama*. Against beautiful background of Colorado mountains photographed in technicolor, young man pursues his prize stallion who has broken away from train en route to Western horse-show circuit, tasted the freedom of the wilds.

Setting could hardly be surpassed for beauty and grandeur, and the shots of animals—horses, and a beaver at work on his home—are presented with amazing fidelity. Story, based on novel by Will James, is slight, but it is the setting that lifts the production above the ordinary. A fine outdoor film. **M, Y, C**

The Fountainhead (Warners). Gary Cooper, Raymond Massey, Patricia Neal, Kent Smith. Director: King Vidor. *Drama*. Young architect refuses to be tempted by money and fame, to compromise his belief in modern functional design. Fame comes anyway, then in gesture to demonstrate his "integrity of soul" he dynamites housing project which he designed for another architect and which the builders altered. And, with apparent cheering on part of author and film makers, a jury acquits him!



A scene from *The Great Dan Patch*, the film story of the famous harness horse of a half century ago. Here the "real" Dan Patch is admired by the picture's stars.

An elaborately produced film, with a "message" which does not stand up to reasonable ethical and social judgment. It apparently is arguing that the individual should pursue his own ideas with no regard for the rights or attitudes of others. Romance with which theme is burdened is overdone and overwrought.

M

★ **You're My Everything** (20th Century-Fox). Anne Baxter, Dan Dailey, Ann Revere, Shari Robinson. *Musical*. Theme: The separate successes in the movies or on the stage of a song-and-dance man, his Boston-reared wife and their small daughter. Plot, not much different from that of many a backstage film, has been devised so that the insertion of sequences showing productions from the audience's point of view seems more logical than in most of those other productions. There is a dramatic rift when the wife insists the child should be permitted to lead a "normal" life, but all is resolved at film-end.

A zestful, eye-filling, technicolored film that still manages to seem unpretentious, perhaps because it is performed by and about likable people in such a likable manner. "Behind the scene" Hollywood sequences are interesting, and even essay a bit of successful satire on movie making, particularly in those representing the exaggerated emotion and action of "flapper age" silents.

M, Y, C

Take One False Step (Universal). James Gleason, Marsha Hunt, William Powell, Shelley Winters. Written (in part), directed, and produced by Chester Erskine. *Melodrama* about a respectable professor in search of endowment for his college who chances to meet up with girl from his past who is now practically a dipsomaniac, gets himself suspected of murder after she disappears the next day, sets out on his own to find out what really happened so he can avert any threat to his respectable present life.

A very routine detective tale, annoying in the casualness with which slapstick features are combined with gruesomely realistic portrayals of such things as sudden death, savage fights with a police dog, and so on.

M

★ **In the Good Old Summertime** (MGM). Spring Byington, Judy Garland, Van Johnson, S. Z. Sakall. *Comedy*. A remake, in technicolor and Chicago setting, of the Viennese-set *Shop around the Corner*, done a few years ago under the sprightly direction of the late Lubitsch. It relates how, in a quaint music store of 50 years ago, the office girl and the chief clerk bicker constantly, considering each other dull and annoying. In the end, each discovers that the other is the romantic, idealized recipient of his own anonymous but fervent letters exchanged in a "lonely hearts" correspondence. There is a secondary comic theme having to do with the romance between the elderly German-American owner of the music store and his stenographer of long standing.

Done with obvious appreciation for



A "happy, friendly sort of story" is **In the Good Old Summertime**. It relates the romance-by-mail of a bickering young couple employed at the same music store.

the period, this is a happy, friendly sort of story.

M, Y, C

House of Strangers (20th Century-Fox). Richard Conte, Susan Hayward, Edward G. Robinson. Director: Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *Drama*. Immigrant Italian banker, ruthless and ambitious himself, has kept his four sons weaklings, subservient to his whims. After his death, discord among them warps their lives until lawyer son, who has served a prison term for legal infraction for which others, along with the father, were also responsible, breaks away for good.

An unpleasant, depressing story, effectively enough acted, but with almost nothing of decency or inspiration to lift it above morbid level.

M

The Crooked Way (United Artists). Ellen Drew, John Payne, Sonny Tufts, Rhys Williams. *Melodrama*. G. I., victim of amnesia, discovers that in prewar days he was member of vicious gang, sets out on his own to get the better of sadistic leader who has taken over.

An unexcusable exploitation of brutality and evil.

M

Tarzan's Magic Fountain (RKO). Lex Barker, Brenda Joyce. *Melodrama*. The "new" Tarzan pair, amazingly inert, make amends for having inadvertently let inking of "perpetual youth" colony in jungle filter out to outside world. They do it by foiling efforts of greedy white men who seek to discover and exploit the secret.

Carelessly done and insipid.

M, Y

The Girl from Jones Beach (Warners). Eddie Bracken, Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan. *Comedy*. A magazine-cover artist finds at the beach a bathing-suit-clad girl who seems to him to typify perfect beauty. But it turns out she is a serious-minded teacher of adult-education classes, so he enrolls, posing as an immigrant Czech, to persuade her to

trade her career for that of modelling. Lightweight comedy that sometimes skirts the borders of good taste, but nevertheless refrains from going overboard entirely. More bathing-beauty parade than dramatic fare, this is good fun.

M, Y

★ **The Great Dan Patch** (United Artists). Charlotte Greenwood, Henry Hull, Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Russell. Director: Joe Newman. *Drama* portraying the trotting career of the famous harness horse of a half century ago, with, as accompaniment, the story of the son of his first owner, who wins success as a chemist with an ambitious, selfish wife, finally realizes anew the virtues of his life as a farm boy, returns to take it up again.

A pleasant rural story, with sequences of fine horses in action, thrilling harness racing.

M, Y, C

Among other current films, these, already reviewed, should prove rewarding:

FOR FAMILY: *Adventure in Baltimore*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, *Down to the Sea in Ships*, *The Green Promise*, *It Happens Every Spring*, *Little Women*, *Louisiana Story*, *So Dear to My Heart*, *The Stratton Story*, *The Wizard of Oz*.

FOR MATURE AUDIENCE: *The Barkleys of Broadway*, *Champion*, *The City across the River*, *Command Decision*, *Edward, My Son*, *Hamlet*, *Home of the Brave*, *Joan of Arc*, *A Letter to Three Wives*, *Monsieur Vincent*, *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College*, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, *Paisan*, *Portrait of Jenny*, *Quartet*, *The Red Shoes*, *The Set-Up*, *The Window*.

From advance reports, these should be well worth considering: *Come to the Stable*, *Farrebique*, *The Guinea Pig*, *The Heiress*, *Lost Boundaries*, *Man to Men*, *The Quiet One*, *Top o' the Morning*, *The Winslow Boy*.



John T. Frederick

Speaking of New Books—

ABOUT THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR AND THE CREATURES

OF THE FORESTS . . . SEA SHELLS AND SHEEP TRAILS . . . AND FLOWERS AND FISHING.

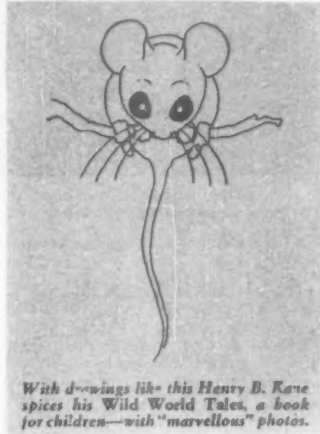
YESTERDAY on the farm illustrated perfectly E. B. White's observation that "farming is 20 percent agriculture and 80 percent fixing things that get busted." The mower needed repairs; the truck burned out its generator; the pump which supplies the farm buildings with water broke down; the cattle crashed through a fence.

Returning to the world of books after a month spent almost exclusively in haying and harvesting is something of a jolt. Perhaps that is why it seems most natural for me to write this time of some books dealing with the out-of-doors.

I have found concentrated and lively pleasure in the smallest of these, a very little book indeed, *The Bee Hunter*, by George Harold Edgell. The author is an eminent and learned man, the director of the great Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and an authority on painting and sculpture. But since boyhood he has cultivated the hobby of hunting for the hives of wild bees—of finding bee trees. The brief book he has written about this hobby, about the technique of bee hunting and his own experiences in the pursuit, is a positive delight. It is written in wholly unpretentious style, informal and witty. Whether you have ever hunted bees or heard of bee hunting, I can promise you very pleasant reading in this book.

The section on "October" (the month in which these notes I am writing in early August will appear) is one of the most enjoyable in Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Twelve Seasons*. Mr. Krutch is wholly right in asserting that each month is a season, in the country. Lumping June and August together as "Summer," as we are accustomed to do, is downright silly. Even in our long northern Michigan Winters, December and February are vastly different.

In his recent admirable biography of Thoreau, Mr. Krutch showed richly his capacity to understand and appreciate loving observation of the outdoor world. *The Twelve Seasons* is a record of his own observations and reflections, comparable to Thoreau's in sensitiveness and insight, and marked often by quiet humor and other likable qualities which are quite his own. Of the 'possum he



With d-awings like this Henry B. Kane spices his *Wild World Tales*, a book for children—with "marvellous" photos.

writes (in the section titled "October"):

"He is not, to put it gently, a very intelligent animal, and not (by any standards except those of another 'possum) a very handsome one. Moreover, among his characteristics is one which, for some obscure reason, most human beings find it difficult to forgive—a hairless tail. . . . Since squirrels, though rodents, have hairy tails, they are generally looked on with favor, at least by those human beings who look with favor on any animals at all. I don't suppose they know how much they owe to this accident of Nature. Except for it they would not be tolerated in public parks and instead of peanuts they would be given rough-on-rats."

The Twelve Seasons is all that its arresting title might promise, a book of substance and charm, good for year-round reading and rereading.

I have found much pleasure in a book intended primarily for younger readers, Henry B. Kane's *Wild World Tales: The Tale of the Mouse, the Moth and the Crow*. Its first appeal lies in the truly marvellous photographs in which the stories of these wild creatures are largely told. Surely Mr. Kane is one of the most gifted and most fortunate of animal photographers: these pictures, and there are scores of them, are amazing

and absorbing. The text which accompanies them I find admirable as well, though in brevity and simplicity the "tales" are well adapted to young readers.

A fine companion for walks on the ocean beach is Leon A. Hausman's *Beginner's Guide to Seashore Life*. Clear drawings and readily understandable text will help us attain the pleasure of naming and knowing something about the shells, sea urchins, starfish, and crabs we are most likely to encounter, on either Atlantic or Pacific beaches.

Another highly satisfactory companion for out-of-doors excursions is Roger Tory Peterson's *How to Know the Birds*. This is a beginner's guide, low in cost and easy to use. Drawings and text are alike admirably definite and clear. Especially valuable are the pages showing similar species side by side, so that the distinguishing marks can be readily grasped.

I recommend heartily to all who are really interested in bird watching and bird study Ludlow Griscom's *Birds of Concord*. This seems to me the finest product of the modern scientific study of bird populations which I have yet encountered. The history of ornithological observation in the Concord region is particularly rich, and Mr. Griscom gives a most interesting account of this work of his predecessors, especially that of the great William Brewster. Both the general and the specific observations in this book make it, to my mind, a landmark in ornithological literature, indispensable to every bird watcher in the New England region, and immensely stimulating and enjoyable for bird lovers everywhere.

As I write in August, fishing in the lakes of northern Michigan is in full swing. By October, when this reaches you, the fishing season will be pretty well over, but perhaps that is the very time to think about books on fishing. At any rate, here are some good ones.

Arthur H. Carhart's *Fresh Water Fishing* seems to me an ideal book on the subject. It deals with the history of fishing, with the kinds of fish and the ways of catching them, and goes into full detail on the subjects of bait and fly casting, spinners, lures, and equip-

ment in general. Handsome colored plates show the prospective fisherman just what baits and flies look like, and text and tables give the record of their use. The text throughout is warm and human, genuinely pleasant reading. Here is the one book that seems to me to cover the whole field indicated by its title more adequately and more enjoyably than any other I have seen.

Another fine book in a more specialized field of angling is John Alden Knight's *Black Bass*. Here too are abundant information on all aspects of black-bass fishing and a wealth of enjoyable personal incident and experience, well told.

Morie Morrison's *Here's How in Fishing* is definitely intended for beginners. This is a "picture-story" book in which hundreds of drawings, with a minimum of text, give the would-be fisherman dependable answers to most of the natural questions.

Ice Fishing for Everybody, by Byron W. Dalrymple, is an especially well-written and genuinely exciting book about one kind of fishing. If you're an ice fisherman or plan to be, don't miss it. If you've never tried this branch of the sport, Mr. Dalrymple's lively account of it may well convert you.

The gardening season is close to its end in October, too. With the Winter ahead, there will be time to read books about gardening and to plan for next year's campaigns. *How to Grow Annuals*, by Ann Rose Robbins, is an excellent book for the flower lover who is limited in his planning both as to space and as to dollars. Mrs. Robbins treats in full detail 25 of the easiest and best annual flowers, telling how to grow them successfully, suggesting the best varieties, and advising as to grouping and care. A full list of annual flowers supplements the special treatment accorded such popular favorites as asters, cosmos, and zinnias.

Donald Wyman, horticulturist at the famed Arnold Arboretum, has given us in *Shrubs and Vines for American Gardens* an authoritative work which is complete, up to date, and highly usable. Whether one's plans for permanent planting are modest or expansive, this book will help him to make the best use of his space and means. Discussions of ornamental fruits, foliage, and the best shrubs for special purposes precede the very detailed and fully illustrated general list of recommended plants.

Around the Seasons in Denver Parks and Gardens, by S. R. De Boer, pleases me greatly because of its informal and unpretentious manner of writing and because of its emphasis on use of native materials. Mr. De Boer fully appreciates the beautiful shrubs and herbaceous plants of Colorado, and his book includes many examples of their use in Denver parks. His discussion of park planting seems to me eminently sensible, and valuable not only to all who are interested in the beauty of public places, but to private gardeners as well.

I started this descriptive discussion of out-of-doors books with the smallest on my list—George Harold Edgell's *The Bee Hunter*—and I'll close it with the largest. Edward H. Wentworth's *America's Sheep Trails* is a handsome big book of nearly 700 pages, with many illustrations. Against a briefly sketched background of ancient and European sheep raising, this book presents the general history of sheep in the United States: their introduction and distribution, the development of the sheep industry, modern conditions. Persons important in the story are characterized. Whether or not one is particularly interested in sheep, this is a fascinating chapter of American social history. Far-ranging investigation and research, enthusiasm tempered by commonsense, and a capacity for clear, straightforward writing have enabled Mr. Went-



To help people in currency-restricted lands buy books from abroad, UNESCO now issues International Book Coupons purchasable with local money. The one this Belgian miss bought with francs is worth a dollar on overseas books.

worth to produce a book of immediate authority and permanent value.

Future compilers of pictorial social histories of our own time will do well to examine *The Great Pictures—1949*, edited by Clifton C. Edom. This book is the product of a nation-wide competition for the best news pictures of the year, sponsored jointly by the Encyclopedia Britannica's *Book of the Year* and the University of Missouri's School of Journalism. The 100 photographs here assembled excel for me, in interest and meaning, any other collection of contemporary photographs I have seen. Many of them are of the highest interest technically—and for the photographer, technical details are admirably provided. But for the general reader, the reader who tries to see the face of his times in order to see thoughtfully beneath it, this book seems to me to hold even more value.

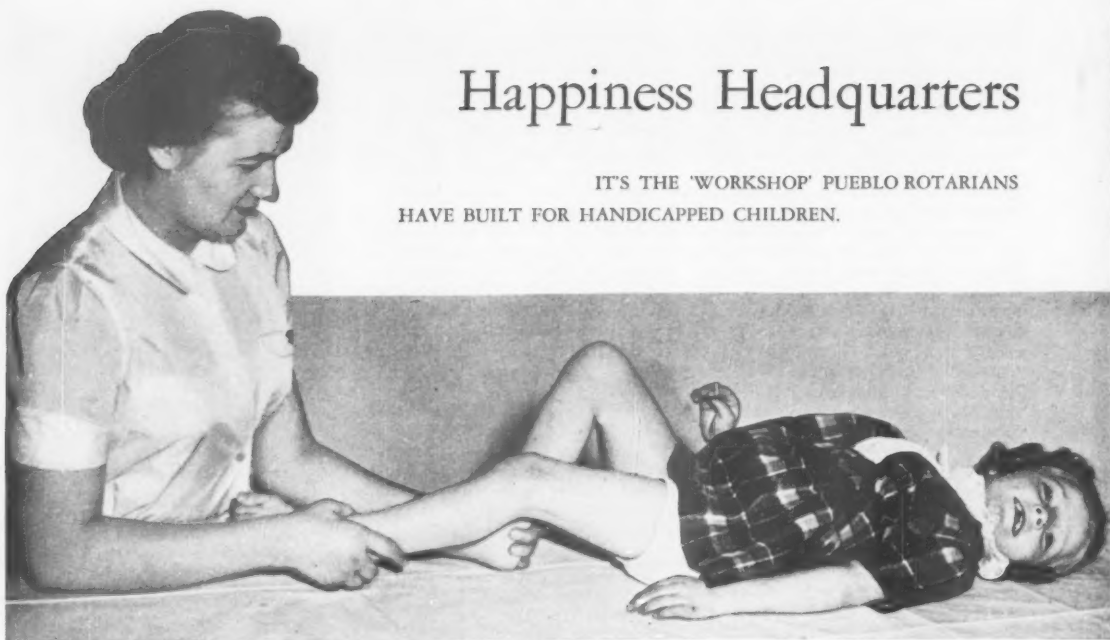
Books reviewed, publishers, and prices: *The Bee Hunter*, George Harold Edgell (Harvard University Press, \$2.50).—*The Twelve Seasons*, Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane, \$3).—*Wild World Tales*, Henry B. Kane (\$2.75).—*Beginner's Guide to Seashore Life*, Leon A. Hausman (Putnam, \$2).—*How to Know the Birds*, Roger Tory Peterson (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2).—*Birds of Concord*, Ludlow Griscom (Harvard University Press, \$5).—*Fresh Water Fishing*, Arthur H. Carhart (Barnes, \$5).—*Black Bass*, John Alden Knight (Putnam, \$4).—*Here's How in Fishing*, Morie Morrison (Doubleday, \$2.95).—*Ice Fishing for Everybody*, Byron W. Dalrymple (Lantern Press, \$3.50).—*How to Grow Annuals*, Ann Rose Robbins (Macmillan, \$3.50).—*Shrubs and Vines for American Gardens*, Donald Wyman (Macmillan, \$7.50).—*Around the Seasons in Denver Parks and Gardens*, S. R. DeBoer (515 East Hill Avenue, Denver, Colo., \$1.90).—*America's Sheep Trails*, Edward H. Wentworth (Iowa State College Press, Ames, Iowa, \$7.00).—*The Great Pictures—1949*, edited by Clifton C. Edom (Greenberg, \$3.50).



An illustration from Arthur H. Carhart's latest volume, *Fresh Water Fishing*—which Reviewer Frederick found "warm and human and genuinely pleasant reading."

Happiness Headquarters

IT'S THE 'WORKSHOP' PUEBLO ROTARIANS
HAVE BUILT FOR HANDICAPPED CHILDREN.



"It's exercise time, Nancy." A physical therapist in Pueblo's Curative Workshop helps the child regain use of her leg muscles.

DRIVE ALONG a certain street near downtown Pueblo, as I did recently, and you see a green-roofed cottage gleaming whitely in the Colorado sun. It is not a home, you decide—nor a school nor store. Then you spy a sign at the door. It reads *Curative Workshop* . . . which clears everything up, doesn't it?

It didn't for me. As I stood there puzzling it out—and vaguely hoping that this place was offering some new cure for work—a hand fell on my shoulder. Wheeling around I faced a friendly gentleman who introduced himself as Howard Miller, editor of Pueblo's morning paper the *Chieftain*. "Perplexed?" he asked, and I nodded. "Then," he went on, "why not let me give you the whole story?"

I whipped out my note pad and pencil

—no, borrowed a pencil from Howard.

"This building," Howard Miller began, "is a kind of happiness headquarters for hundreds of children throughout our county. Victims of spastic paralysis, they come here regularly to play with the toys, work with the tools, and train with the expert therapists of this cheery institution—all of which goes a long way toward curing their handicaps. That's why we call it the Curative Workshop. But come on inside. You'll see what I mean."

There in sunny rooms two dozen fine youngsters from age 2 into the teens were learning to walk, talk, eat, dress, stack blocks, and operate lathes and sewing machines. There was pride in their young eyes . . . and pride and love in the eyes of their able teachers.

"Know who started all this?" Editor

Howard asked as we watched the children go out to the well-equipped playground.

"Could it be the Ro—" I started.

"Right!" Howard exclaimed. "The Rotarians of Pueblo started it, saw it all the way through to completion." Then he told me how, back in 1946, Bill Cooze, who was then Club President, sprang the idea for a training cen-

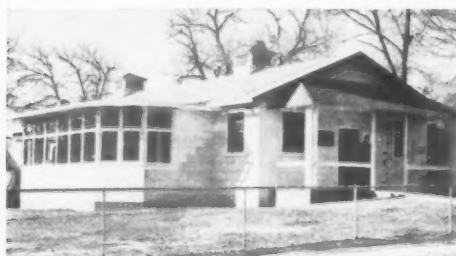
ter for spastic-crippled children; it was badly needed, he said. Well, the fellows "went for the idea" and so did their wives. So in no time they opened their "curative workshop" in the basement of an orphanage, with a paid therapist in charge and many Rotarians' ladies helping free.

All went well—except that the quarters proved cramped and bleak. Then someone heard that an old dental-clinic building out at the local air base was up for sale. So—cutting through miles of red tape—the Club bought it, moved it ten miles to town, planted it on lots bought at low cost from the county, re-decorated the building, installed equipment and staff, and opened for business.

It took money, you can bet. The Club itself voted \$5,000, and members went out and raised \$5,300 more. Today the whole property is worth some \$30,000, and Pueblo Rotarians have turned it over—lock, stock, and barrel—to the Pueblo County Crippled Children's Committee . . . which is how Rotary ought to work.

As I walked away from Pueblo's Curative Workshop, the little cogged wheel in my lapel shone daz-zlingly. I'd just rubbed an extra-high polish on it.

—Yours, THE
SCRATCHPAD MAN



Pueblo's Curative Workshop—before landscaping. New in Colorado, it may serve as a model for many States.



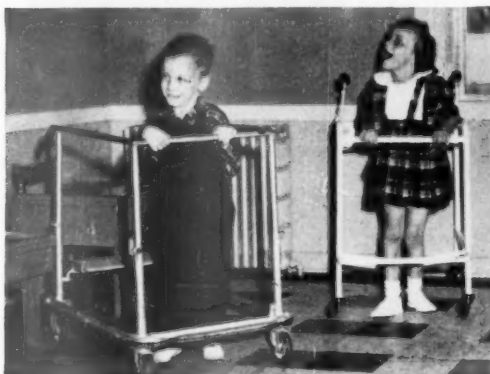
A mirror aids this girl as she strives to conquer the speech defects of the spastic. Her teacher is a trained speech therapist.



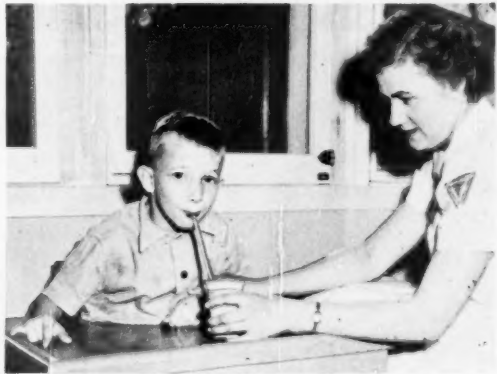
Down we come! Specially designed, as is much of the furniture, these stairs help the crippled child learn to walk.



Sewing teaches this little miss muscular control. Weaving and woodworking, also offered in the workshop, teach it, too.



Scooting around the sun room in special "walkers," Bobby and Nancy gain self-confidence, will soon be on their own.



It's a feat for Jerry! To sip through a straw he has first had to learn how to use his throat and mouth muscles.



Photo: Ronux Arts

More Fun Than Soapin' Windows!



Ducking for apples was one of the contests for 700 children at this affair.

ROTARIANS FETE THE SPOOKS OF HALLOWEEN

WHAT'S more fun on Halloween than upsetting garbage cans and soaping windows?

Just ask the youngsters of Smiths Falls, Ontario, Canada, and they'll tell you that a parade is. Or a pie-eating contest with prizes. Or a ride on the donkey cart pictured above. For that's what they did last year at the annual Halloween party arranged by Rotarians of Smiths Falls.

They loved it!

The 750 boys and girls who attended the Halloween party staged by the Rotary Club of Williamsville, New York, would answer in the same way, for they too had a lively parade and enjoyed refreshments, movies, and a costume contest.

Many other Rotary Clubs in the United States and Canada sponsor Halloween affairs for the teen-agers and little children in their communities. A partial list includes Woodstock, Ontario, Canada; Ballston Spa, New York; Point Pleasant, New Jersey; Hawthorne, New Jersey; Orillia, Ontario, Canada; Danbury, Connecticut; Walled Lake, Michigan; Oneida, New York; and Sharpsburg-Etna-Aspinwall, Pennsylvania.

As a result of such Rotary-sponsored events, Halloween is no longer a nightmare for many communities. It is a time for gayety and fun—without vandalism or destruction.



Masks atop their heads, these boys are enjoying good "eats" with 600 others.



Happy faces tell the story here. Pranks aren't necessary to bring out the smiles.



Don't let anyone tell you Halloween is just for children! Does this look like it?

Rotary Reporter

BRIEF ITEMS ON CLUB ACTIVITIES AROUND THE WORLD.

Remember Rotary at Scot Exhibit At the Scottish Industries Exhibition held last month in GLASGOW, one of the most popular gathering places was the Rotary Reception Room arranged by the Clubs of GLASGOW, RUTHERGLEN, QUEEN'S PARK, and KELVIN. The Exhibition was the largest of its kind ever held in Scotland, and buyers from all parts of the world came to see a wide and varied range of Scotland's products.

Leprosy Work— but That's Not All! JAMSHEDPUR, INDIA, Rotarians are now in their 11th year of leprosy-relief work—and are still going strong! Arrangements were recently completed for the establishment of a JAMSHEDPUR ward at the Purulia Leper Home. Not forgetting the youth of their community, they are sponsoring a vocational-counseling program, and to acquaint students with Rotary a series of talks by Club members before high-school audiences has been initiated.

Essay by Jeanne on Rotary Theme "To serve is to be a man and to do good to thousands of other men." Writing on the subject "Service above Self," Jeanne Hanchard, a secondary-school student in NAMUR, BELGIUM, expressed in those words her idea of the meaning of service in her prize-winning entry in the essay contest recently sponsored by the local Rotary Club. The contest is an annual affair and Jeanne's prize for this year was 250 Belgian francs.

Maryborough Praises Pioneers In MARYBOROUGH, AUSTRALIA, each year since 1946, the Rotary Club has set apart one day to honor the spirit of the pioneers who settled its city. Called "Pioneers' Day," it is participated in by townspeople and many of the pioneers themselves. At the recent celebration, 94 pioneers attended the Town Hall luncheon and the services held at the graves of MARYBOROUGH settlers.

Mandalay Is Up and Away! Big plans are taking form in the Rotary Club of Mandalay, BURMA. One concerns the reestablishment of the Mandalay Public Library with good books and comfortable reading rooms. The Club also plans to award an annual prize to the best student in each Mandalay school and to give a handsome "Rotary Shield" to the victors in interschool sports competition.

Chatham Puts 'em Right to Work In the Rotary Club of CHATHAM, ONT., CANADA, the new members aren't forgotten when it comes to arranging Club programs. An example of a CHATHAM "new member"

program is the recent "Rotary in Review" staged by Club members who became Rotarians in 1948-49. It was a broadcast-type program with a nautical setting, and the new members (plus their wives) wore sailor hats. Their radio scripts reviewed the 1948-49 accomplishments of the Clubs in District 222.

News Briefs from Great Britain The Rotary Club of BLACKBURN, ENGLAND, recently entertained visiting Rotarians from VEENDAM, THE NETHERLANDS. . . . Canned meat sent by the Rotary Club of EDMONTON, ALTA., CANADA, is being distributed among the aged and needy by Rotarians of LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND. . . . A cricket match recently brought together as opponents members of the WOLVERHAMPTON and WEDNESBURY, ENGLAND, Clubs.

29 Towns Turn Out for New Zealander At an intercity meeting arranged by the Rotary Club of BILLINGS, MONT., an audience of 200 persons representing 29 towns heard Harold T. Thomas, of AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, Past District Governor and a 1948-49 Rotary International Committee Chairman, speak on international relations.

Bangalore Backs Betterment As part of its Community Service program, the Rotary Club of BANGALORE, INDIA, sponsors a maternity home, the Harijan Hostel, and the Village Welfare Center.

Overseas Visitors Feel at Home And still they come! . . . meaning examples of hospitality shown Rotarians at Rotary's New York Convention last June. The latest is that of the GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Club, which entertained a group of overseas Rotarians and their families during the week-end following the Convention. GLENS FALLS members were joined by Rotarians from 20 other Clubs of District 255 in welcoming the overseas guests. The



A talking doll named Judy thanks Downey, Calif., Rotarians, via John F. Gorman for a television set they put on her "bedside circuit" for sick tots. TV-Actress Shirley Dinsdale animates her.



In Calgary, Alta., Canada, the bell of the city's first fire engine now calls the Rotary Club to order. It's a prized relic and here five members admire it.



Boy Scouts get a new view of things! Here Ogden, Utah, Rotarians examine modern movie projector they are giving to the Ogden Area Boy Scout Council.



Stoneham, Mass., now has a portable iron lung and the local Rotary Club has the thanks of the entire community. That's John H. Dike, Club President, taking the part of the patient in the picture. Funds for the lung came from a Rotary auction.



These Rotarians of Moorestown, N. J., are standing behind one of ten bus-stop benches their Club has placed around the town as a service to the public.

Photo: U. S. Army



That's U. S. Treasury Secretary John W. Snyder signing a citation to the Rotary Club of Salt Lake City, Utah, for its outstanding promotion of savings bonds.



For the youth of Cristobal (Canal Zone)—Colon (Panama), the Rotary Club is sponsoring leagues in basketball and football. The Club's softball league attracted 160 boys, was an outstanding success. Shown are players beginning the basketball season.



Photo: Rotarian H. B. Clay, Jr.

Packages of food and clothing begin their long journey from Bernardsville, N. J., to destitute families in Europe. It's a "family-to-family" international goodwill project of Bernardsville Rotarians, who have made it a regular Rotary Fourth Object activity.

occasion was high-lighted by an "International meeting" aboard the *Mohican* during a cruise on Lake George. While in GLENS FALLS, the guests from other lands lived in the homes of their hosts. So successful was this international gathering that GLENS FALLS Rotarians are already making similar plans to follow Rotary's Convention in Detroit, Mich., next June. They are also corresponding with Ohio Rotarians who are interested in the project, and the GLENS FALLS planners have expressed the hope that many other Rotary Clubs in Midwestern States will adopt this International Service activity as a 1950 post-Convention feature.

'Twas a Busy Year for Cranford

How much can a Rotary Club do in 12 months. That's hard to answer, but here's a sample of what the Rotary Club of CRANFORD, N. J., did in 1948-49: Sent clothing to the Rotary Club of HJØRING, DENMARK; awarded a \$100 nurse's scholarship; held several joint meetings with neighboring Clubs; staged a vaudeville show which netted \$1,000 for charitable work; conducted a vocational-counselling trip for 28 high-

school seniors; and gave a Christmas party for 25 children. All this, plus dozens of other worth-while Rotary projects, made it a big and busy year for CRANFORD.

Rotary Registers with Rural Youth

The second annual essay contest for 4-H Club boys and Future Farmers of America sponsored by the Rotary Club of SAN ANTONIO, TEX., was a success. Three of the foremost dairy-cattle breeders in the United States donated registered calves as prizes. Next year the Club hopes to expand the contest to include sheep and goat breeders of west Texas. . . . The Rotary Club of ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., has presented achievement awards to seven 4-H Club youths for their accomplishments in a farm-progress competition.

Seven Clubs to Be Congratulated

During the month of October seven more Rotary Clubs will celebrate their 25th anniversaries. They are Brownsville, Tenn.; Lancaster, N. H.; Rockland, Me.; Boonville, Mo.; Williamsburg, Va.; Escondido, Calif.; Ocean Springs, Miss. Congratulations to them!

The recent 25th-anniversary celebration of the Rotary Club of HOWELL, MICH., was high-lighted by the presence of many of the Club's Past Presidents and charter members.

Scout News Is Good News

Facilities for the Boy Scouts of HYANNIS, MASS., were so limited that only 25 youths could camp at the Scout quarters on Cape Cod, so the local Rotary Club decided to do something about it. Here is what happened: The Club sponsored the building of a new mess and recreation hall, roadways, and other modern conveniences—a project which would cost \$11,000 at retail prices—all money, materials, and labor being donated by businessmen on the Cape. Accommodations are now available to 125 boys.

The pride was family-wide recently in CHATTAHOOCHEE, FLA., when a feature at the local Rotary Club's annual ladies' night affair was the presentation of



Winners of a craftsmanship contest which was conducted by the Rotary Club of Venice, Calif., these smiling high-school students are proudly displaying their award certificates. The contest is held each semester with Rotarians serving as judges.

Eagle Scout awards to two sons of Club members. Their troop is sponsored by the Rotary Club.

Rotarians Were First Flighters A recent intercity meeting between Rotarians of SEATTLE and OLYMPIA, WASH., will be long remembered. That is particularly true for the SEATTLE men, for they were the first passengers ever to step foot in the plane which carried them to the meeting.

'Welcome Home, General Clay' An estimated 20,000 persons converged on MARIETTA, GA., the other day to pay tribute to General Lucius D. Clay, a native son, who had but recently returned from duty in Germany. As a part of the festivities, the local Rotary Club sponsored a colorful float in the parade.

Oakland Gives Veterans Advice A Veterans' Service Counselling Committee of the Rotary Club of OAKLAND, CALIF., has been more than making itself useful. In one five-month period the Committee gave fair and impartial advice to 119 veterans referred to it by various veterans agencies. Perhaps more important than the actual help given, notes a Club spokesman, has been the fact that the veterans or members of their families have been sent on their way with the knowledge that unselfish assistance to the deserving is available through Rotary.

Lansing Has Government Day Citizens of LANSING, MICH., keep track of one of the local Rotary Club's special days, and as many as possible get invitations to attend. For that day's meeting the Club invites all State officials, and one of them (the Governor) gives the principal talk.

Buttons for Beginners The last swim of the season at the river beach may have been taken in GANANOQUE, ONT., CANADA, but it's far from forgotten. Local Rotarians are proud of the beach and the interest in it. The Club leased a small area on the St. Lawrence River, cleared the land,

made a beach, provided a beach supervisor and an assistant who act as life-guards and swimming instructors. During the past season 118 youngsters earned buttons for their swimming accomplishments.

Rotary Spark to Light Play Field Rotarians of GARDEN CITY, MICH., are providing the spark which will light a high-school play field, and are pushing a 100-day campaign to raise the required \$10,000. When completed, the field will provide facilities for night sports events, open-air meetings, tennis, roller skating, bicycling, dances, shuffleboard, etc.

Rotary Provides Recreation The WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Rotary Club recently purchased 130 pairs of fiber-wheel roller skates, a small juke box, and a skate-storage bin so as to provide skating facilities at three of the city's school gymnasiums. During the first five months of 1949 approximately 3,500 youngsters had skated, and 100 Rotarians and their ladies served as chaperones.

The annual minstrel show of the Rotary Club of NEW BERLIN, N. Y., realized a profit of nearly \$500, which will aid



Community Service in action! Here Rotarians of Natick, Mass., present a mechanically refrigerated oxygen tent to the superintendent of a local hospital.



Students from 19 lands have attended Rotary meetings in Worcester, Mass. These are from Burma, India, and Iran.



Voted "best citizens," these two high-school students are receiving their \$100 checks from Orange, Tex., Rotarians.



Modern, spacious, and beautiful is this new \$20,000 Publicity Building (right) given to Victoria, B. C., Canada, by the local Rotary Club. At the left, Victoria's Mayor is presented with the key to the building by 1948-49 Club President Louis Michelin.



Who are these youngsters? They're residents of Boys' Town in Iloilo, The Philippines, and their organization is receiving a check for 12000 pesos from Rotary Club members.



With a liking for good music, Rotarians of Nicosia, Cyprus, decided to sponsor a Junior Philharmonic Orchestra. Pictured above, it has already given two fine concerts.



Youthful anglers will spend many happy hours a-fishin' from this pier given to Daytona Beach, Fla., by the local Rotary Club. On opening day they fished for Rotary prizes.



Stars of tomorrow! The winners of the annual "search for talent" contest of the Rotary Club of Quebec, Que., Canada. Prizes totalled \$1,400. Grand prize: \$500.

the Club's youth-recreation program. The project includes supervised swimming and lifesaving lessons, band-instrument instruction, etc.

'Buddy' Ought to Be Here

The St. Johns, Mich., Rotary Club has hit upon a novel way to stimulate attendance. A "judge" and a "prosecutor"—the former chosen at will and the latter by choice—make up the team. The "prosecutor" prefers charges against a member whose "buddy" is absent, and the "judge" fines that member—from a dime to a dollar. Funds thus raised go to send children from a local detention home to a Summer camp for two weeks.

Praise for Tulsa Tonsil Ticklers

Naturally, all citizens of TULSA, OKLA., haven't heard the tuneful singing of the local Rotary Club, but there is little excuse for their not knowing about it. You see, a recent editorial in the local press commented favorably on the subject. Here is an excerpt from it: "We came away from the Rotary Club meeting Wednesday convinced that in 13 years of listening there had never been better singing by the 200-odd members who attend. It was convivial, as it always is, but it was also loud, clear, sweet, and spontaneous, believe it or not. . . ."

44 More Clubs Are on Roster

Greetings to 44 new Rotary Clubs, including seven which have been readmitted! They are (with sponsors in parentheses) Arles-sur-Rhône (Avignon), France; Montargis (Orléans), France; Moncks Corner (North Charleston), S. C.; Subiaco (Perth), Australia; Swan Districts (Perth), Australia; Port Lincoln (Adelaide), Australia; Mount Lawley (Perth), Australia. McCall (Boise), Idaho; Harlingen (Leeuwarden), The Netherlands; Malang, Java, Indonesia (readmitted); Semarang, Java, Indonesia (readmitted); Compiègne (Amiens), France; Excelsior (Minneapolis), Minn.; Wiggins (Fort Morgan), Colo.; Lower Perkiomen (Phoenixville), Pa.; Stryker (Delta), Ohio; Condom-Armagnac (Auch-Armagnac), France.

Suffield (Windsor Locks), Conn.; Trent, Italy; Canoinhas (Joinville), Brazil; Venancio Ayres (Santa Cruz do Sul), Brazil; Askim, Norway; Holmestrand (Tonsberg), Norway; Saarbrücken, Saar (readmitted); Boggabri (Narrabri), Australia; Paseroean, Java, Indonesia (readmitted); Eneruzilhada do Sul (Santa Cruz do Sul), Brazil; Düsseldorf, Germany (readmitted); Treviso, (Udine), Italy.

Assens (Odense), Denmark; Windber (Johnstown), Pa.; Newtown, Wales; St. Andrews (Charleston), S. C.; Alleppey (Cochin), India; Jamnagar (Rajkot), India; Simla (Delhi), India; Malolos (Manila), The Philippines; Mariestad (Lököping), Sweden; Vannes (Rennes), France; Yokohama, Japan (readmitted); Stowe (Waterbury and Morrisville), Vt.; Ladysmith (Peitermaritzburg), South Africa; Aachen, Germany (readmitted); Kumla, Sweden.

Scratchpaddings

WHAT ROTARIANS ARE DOING

GENUS ROTARY. It must have been a near-sighted lady who sat behind ARTHUR H. PARSONS, JR., President of the Brockton, Mass., Rotary Club on the opening night of Rotary's Convention in New York last June. Certainly she was unfamiliar with the Rotary emblem. "She was all excited and commented on everything in sight," PRESIDENT PARSONS recalls, chuckling. "Those decorations are all so lovely," she exclaimed, "those beautiful flags, the bunting, and all the *Rotary daisies*!"

Two in One. Two brothers are Presidents of their respective Rotary Clubs this year. JAMES H. BICKET wields the gavel in Bloomington, Ill., and his brother, MAC, presides at meetings in Indianapolis, Miss.

All in a Lifetime. Rotary take a lot of time? If you have been a 100-percent attender for 25 years, you have spent only two months of your life at regular meetings. THE SCRATCHPAD MAN figured this out the other day after he'd read somewhere that in a normal life span of 70 years a person will spend 8 years playing, 14 years working, 6 years eating, 5 years travelling, 3 years in school, 3 years reading, and 24 years just sleeping! So, the two months of your life that you spend at Rotary meetings are a pretty small fraction after all. For a good many Rotarians, of course, that's only the beginning of the time they devote to Rotary and to Rotary-engendered service.

Service Plus. PORTER W. CARSWELL, of Waynesboro, Ga., a Past Director of Rotary International, tells how—some weeks back—he was saved from a drenching while en route to District Conferences in North Carolina and New Jersey. Delayed by a heavy rain, he was unable to get to the railroad's city office to pick up his ticket. Wondering what to do as his train pulled into the station, ROTARIAN CARSWELL looked up to see the division passenger agent—70 years old and scheduled to retire the very next day—trudging through the

rain with the completely made-out ticket, although it was to be used on a road other than the one he had served so long. "Can you cite a better example of what we Rotarians call Vocational Service?" asks PORTER.

Hot Dog! C. T. BURG, 1948-49 President of the Rotary Club of Cleveland, Ohio, has a penchant for loud red neckties—and everyone knows it, including his successor, ALBERT L. EVISTON. PRESIDENT EVISTON, a packer, thought it was time ROTARIAN BURG had a new necktie to add to his large collection, so he recently presented him with a large one made of sausages and "hot dogs."

Example. CARL B. RUEHL, of Centralia, Ill., is a travelling salesman—but he hasn't missed a Rotary meeting since he became a Rotarian more than 29 years ago! ROTARIAN RUEHL was President of the Centralia Rotary Club in 1932-33 and has attended five international Conventions. His service activities are well known in his community, for he is president of the Big Brothers and Sisters Association, an elder in the Presbyterian church, and holder of the Silver Beaver award in Scouting.



Ruehl

Record? ROBERT W. JONES, President of the Frostburg, Maryland, Rotary Club, is proud of the way Frostburg's Past Presidents take part in Club activities. Sixteen of the 26 Past Presidents still live in the community, and of the 16, 15 are active Club members. Of the remaining Past Presidents, five have moved away and five are deceased.

Givers. LUIS HORACIO MARTELLETTI, a member of the Rotary Club of Buenos Aires, Argentina, recently gave his home and 100,000 pesos to the Dr. Antonio Novaro Library in Chivilcoy, Argentina. He has been reelected presi-



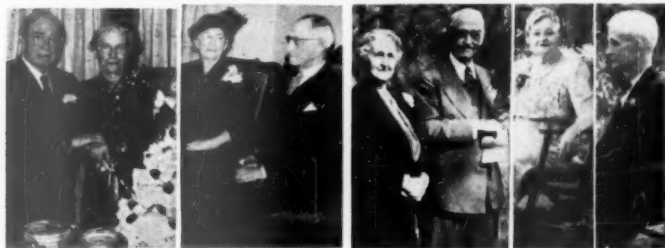
En route home to Australia after his year as President of Rotary International, Angus Mitchell (center) carries a day in Honolulu. With him are Hawaiian District Governor Ezra J. Crane (left) and Past Governor H. P. Judd.

dent of the library. . . . RICHARD P. MOMSEN, a Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Rotarian, has offered a prize of 1,000 cruzeiros to the first 50 Rotary Clubs in Brazil to construct schools in their localities.

Action! Camera! But for the circumstance of weather, these commands might have been by-words of Lansing, Mich., today instead of Hollywood, Calif. ROTARIAN CHARLES H. DAVIS, on the occasion of his 80th birthday, reflected on how closely Lansing came to being the movie capital of the world. "If those California promoters hadn't sold DAVID SELZNICK on how good their weather is," he recalls, "we'd have them here in the Grand River Valley today!" One-time secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce and known in Lansing as the "daddy" of the Capital City airport, ROTARIAN DAVIS likes to reminisce on how he left his father's business to join a pony-and-dog act in the circus, how he became manager of the Ringling Brothers' Circus, how he later owned the P. T. Barnum Circus, and how he got into motion-picture making in its early days by supplying animals for the grinding cameraman. Although technically retired now, he spends more time helping young men get started and in aiding civic ventures than most men do in a lifetime.

High Office. MAMERTO URRIOLAGOITIA, a Past District Governor of Rotary International, has been Acting President of Bolivia since May 7 of this year. PRESIDENT ENRIQUE HERTZOG has been on an extended leave of absence because of poor health.

Turnabout. The Old Mission Rotary Club of San Diego, Calif., had elaborate plans for "demoting" its 1948-49 President, WILLIAM A. SCROGGS, but just as it was time to start the proceedings a telegram arrived saying the President would be late. His fellows relaxed and for the first time noticed two women eating in a far corner of the hotel dining room. The Rotarian owner of the hotel cautiously suggested that perhaps one of the ladies might be BILL, but he knew it would be difficult to find out without running the risk of a damage suit. Some of the bolder members ven-



Four long and happy anniversaries! Rotarian and Mrs. John Newell, Los Angeles, Calif. (50 years); Rotarian and Mrs. Stephen R. Cloud, Dallas, Tex.

(51 years); Rotarian and Mrs. Walter Nicholson, of Syracuse, N. Y. (60 years); and Rotarian and Mrs. W. J. Evans, of Canton, Ohio (60 years).



Without a song? Not the Mattoon, Ill., Rotary Club, where for the past 25 years Song-Leader A. N. Roberts (left) and Pianist Tom Wright (right) have kept the members singing lustily at weekly meetings. Robert O. Shaver, 1948-49 President, is pictured with the popular song team after presenting each with a handsome silver trophy.



Missouri Valley College, at Marshall, Mo., confers an LL.D. degree upon Rotary's Past President Clinton P. Anderson, former U. S. Secretary of Agriculture and now U. S. Senator from New Mexico. Presenting it is H. Roe Bartle (far left), of Kansas City, Mo., who heads the College board. A few days earlier Rotarian Bartle had himself received a doctor of humanities degree from Centre College in Danville, Ky.



W. T. Graves, of Stephenville, Tex., pictured with his wife and five sons, all of whom were present when he was made an honorary member of the Stephenville Rotary Club. Four of the Graves boys—J. K., I. T., Doyle, and Grady (left to right)—are Past Presidents of Rotary Clubs, and Terrill has served as a president of a Lions Club.

tured casually by the table, but the ladies looked like ladies to them. Not until one of the younger men "happened" to get his fingers caught in the hat of one of the ladies—and it promptly came off, plus a wig—was "she" revealed for what "she" was: a Club President in disguise. After that the clever demotion plans seemed tame. PRESIDENT SCROGGS had won the day.

Impression. In an effort to express his impression of the friendliness which exists between Lewiston, N. Y., and Queenston, Ont., Canada, MICHAEL FORAN, of Toronto, Ont., a recent guest speaker at the Rotary Club of Lewiston-Queenston, composed a poem in which he sent to his hosts. Here are three of the verses:

TRIBUTE TO ROTARY

*The turbulent Niagara is a river deep and wide,
And separate countries lie on either hand,
But mighty man-made bridges stretch across
That foaming tide,
United nations with an iron band.*

*More durable than bridges, and stronger far
Than steel,
The hands of friendship reach across the stream,
Those friendly hands which illustrate the
Rotary ideal
Where Christian love is not an empty dream.*

*Let Lewiston and Queenston be examples
To mankind,
For gentlemen of noble heart and soul;
Divided by Niagara, but in Rotary combined,
They strive toward a high and distant goal.*

Highball! CLARENCE L. GURR, of San Bernardino, Calif., 1948-49 District Governor, is still talking about his ride with the engineer of the Santa Fe "Chief" from Albuquerque to Gallup, N. Mex., while en route home from the Rotary Convention in New York City. The four-unit Diesel averaged better than 90 miles an hour on the 150-mile ride, and, unlike Casey Jones of railroad fame, ROTARIAN GURR stepped down from the cab looking just as fresh as when he climbed in.

Author. JOHN HARDEN, of Greensboro, N. C., has authored a volume of mystery stories titled *The Devil's Tramping Ground* (University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.). Perhaps he got firsthand information by staying up late. ROTARIAN HARDEN drinks 20 cups of coffee a day.

Tribute. The Vice-President of the United States, ALBEN W. BARKLEY (see page 23), is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Paducah, Ky. Here are excerpts from a poem read in his honor at a recent meeting by FELLOW MEMBER FRED B. ASHTON, who composed it:

*We honor our own Alben Barkley,
A Rotarian through and through,
Practicing service above himself
Is all he knows how to do.*

*He's helped to steer our ship of State
Over many a bounding main,
And though it veered far off its course,
To bring it home again.*

*Time means naught to Fame well bought,
And whatever the Fates decree
There is reward, down here—up there,
For such a man as he.*

Honors. JOHN W. ARRINGTON, JR., Greenville, S. C., Rotarian, was recently honored with the title "Citizen of the Month." The award, conferred by the



Family tradition! Norman D. Black, Jr., of Fargo, No. Dak., receives a Past President's pin from Past District Governor Walter L. Stockwell. His father and his grandfather were Presidents of the Fargo Rotary Club before him.

local Civitan Club, cited ROTARIAN ARINGTON's "unselfish service to his fellow-man."

BAILEY E. RAMSDALL, Treasurer of the Eau Claire, Wis., Rotary Club, has been elected president of the Wisconsin Bar Association.

HOMER GARD and DR. LEE GOOD, charter members of the Hamilton, Ohio, Rotary Club, who have served on the Crippled-Children Committee for 30 years, and WILLIAM HOWE, who served the Club as Secretary-Treasurer for 21 years, have been made honorary members of the Hamilton Club.

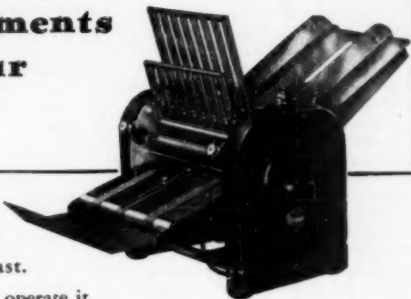
Sightseeing. "People of the Americas should get to know each other," said ROTARIAN ARNALDO ALMEIDA, of Recife, Brazil. Then he decided to do something about it. Gathering together ten members of his family, he brought them north for a three-month tour of the United States and Canada. He timed his trip so it would include ROTARY'S New York City Convention, then set out on a grand circle tour to include New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, the West, the Midwest, and up into Canada. The party recently stopped for a visit in Chicago, and all 11 were guests of the Chicago Rotary Club. Afterward local ROTARIANS EDWIN C. MINTEER, E. ARTHUR ROBERTSON, CLAUD S. GORDON, and JOSEPH E. KIMMEL chartered a vista dome sightseeing bus (see cut) and took the party on a tour of Chicago with stops at several Rotarian homes en route. Four members of the ALMEIDA party are Rotarians.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



The Almeidas in Chicago (see item).

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Opinion

Washington's Works to Survive If—

CHARLES FRANCIS COE
Editor and Publisher
Palm Beach, Florida

At the peak of his career, Washington could have been a Caesar, a Mark Antony, an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Bismarck. Like them and their works, he would have passed with death. Because he was none of these, his works will survive so long as his successors fail not in the fundamentals he wrought. We are his successors.—*From an address to the Rotary Club of Boynton Beach, Florida.*

Rotary in the Community

DAN McVEY, Rotarian
Chairman and Managing Director
Telephone and Cable Company
Sydney, Australia

Into what sort of social conditions have we drifted? Perhaps we have too readily taken for granted the notion that the minute specialization of knowledge and labor, which has taken place in industry during the past two centuries, is a final process; and that the method which has been so useful in creating the powerful machines we now employ must be equally useful in creating the people who are to run them. As a result, we have tended to create a kind of man, in every walk of life, who is incapable of rising out of the limitations of his job, his group, his class, his local community; and as his field becomes smaller and more specialized, his knowledge of the relationships and activities that lie beyond this field has grown thinner and emptier. The penalty for this one-sided development is inability to function in the real world. The curse of unrelated and fragmentary knowledge, no matter how accurate, is that, outside the narrowest of contexts, it ceases to be true, precisely because it is unattached to the total picture.—*From a Rotary Club Conference address.*

Dear Driver

Today my daughter, who is 7 years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. She had on black shoes and wore blue gloves. Her cocker spaniel, whose name is "Scout," sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the folly of education as she waved good-bye, and started off to the halls of learning.

Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her—the girl with the yellow curls—and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher who has eyes in the back of her head—and about the trees in the yard—and about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things, tremendously vital unimportant things—and then we studied

PITHY BITS GLEANED FROM LETTERS, TALKS, AND ROTARY PUBLICATIONS.

spelling, reading, and arithmetic—and then to bed. She is back there now with Princess—her doll—cuddled in her right arm.

You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I am her daddy. When she cuts her finger, or her doll is broken, I can fix that—but when she starts across the street to school, she is in *your* hands.

She is a nice kid. She can run like a deer and darts about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses, and swim, and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I can't be with her all the time. I have to work to pay for her clothes and her education. So please help me to look out for her. Please drive carefully—please drive slowly past the school building, and the intersections—and please remember that children run from behind parked cars.

Please don't run over my little girl.—*From Cla-Co-Roto-Gramps, Rotary Club of Brazil, Indiana.*

Citizens Have Responsibilities Too

JOHN O. KNUTSON, Rotarian
Food Broker
Sioux City, Iowa

This is not a free country in the sense that we have inalienable rights—unless alongside of this charter of human rights we are willing and anxious to subscribe to a parallel list of obligations and responsibilities. Can we achieve this goal by promoting "social security," or is this not just another step toward complete socialization, destroying incentive to personal achievement, and ultimately denying the individual the fruits of his labor—thus assuring everybody a

greater degree of equality, even if it be the equality of mediocrity?

Can we not do something to offset this menace in the direction of giving more thought to the other alternative, and arousing greater effort toward promoting and preserving equality of opportunity? Don't say it can't be done, unless you do not appreciate the worth of the human individual. The solution does not rest in increased social legislation, but it does rest in a rebirth of the concept of the solemnity of individual integrity and character. It is the thing that everyone of us finds in our love of justice and honor, and good sportsmanship and fair play. It comes out of the divine part of our nature, which always suffers as we permit selfishness and indifference to cloud our vision, making animals of us instead of sons of God, partaking of His divine character, without which life on this earth can hold no worthy challenge, and our boasted civilization will ultimately collapse and humanity again driven to submit to the laws of the jungle.—*From an address to the Rotary Club of Le Mars, Iowa.*

Back the Man Who Works

JAMES W. WALKER
Insurance Underwriter
Secretary, Rotary Club
Lynwood, California

Are you a luncheon Rotarian, who thinks of Rotary only each week at meeting time as a place to gather and have lunch with your local businessmen? Regardless of how many years you have been a Rotarian by name, this does not make you an active Rotarian unless you have tried to fulfill the Objects of Rotary. Oftentimes you will hear it said around election time of new officers, "He is only a new member of Rotary—he doesn't know what it is all about." In some cases you may be right, but again you may be wrong, because many of the newest members of Rotary are the most active. They learn quickly about Rotary, because they are enthusiastic about its scope and activities in

Rotary Foundation Contributions

By mid-August, 40 additional Rotary Clubs had made contributions to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 1,857. Since July 1, 1949, Rotary Foundation contributions had exceeded \$27,400. This includes contributions to the Paul Harris Memorial Fund, the Relief Fund, and the General Fund of the Foundation. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership):

AUSTRALIA

Innisfail (21); South Brisbane (49).

BRAZIL

Feira de Sant' Anna (22).

CANADA

Rimouski, Que. (31); Campbellton, N. B. (38).

MEXICO

Tehuacán (20).

PERU

Lima (187).

URUGUAY

San José (32).

UNITED STATES

Marshall, Mich. (66); Owego, N. Y. (53); Roseburg, Oreg. (69); Staten Island, N. Y. (110); Osceola, Iowa (48); Wasco, Calif. (37); Los Gatos, Calif. (64); Bend, Oreg. (36); Taylorville, Ill. (57); Lovington, N. Mex. (45); Randolph, Vt. (41); New London, Wis. (35); Three Lakes, Wis. (13); Gladewater, Tex. (20); Moline, Ill. (151); Goshen, Ind. (71).

New Bern, N. C. (45); Eaton, Ohio (48); Nogales, Ariz. (52); Selbyville, Del. (39); Williamson, N. Y. (37); Fairmont, W. Va. (94); Oak Hill, W. Va. (47); Pine Grove, Pa. (48); Livermore, Calif. (25); Evanston, Ill. (103); Alexandria, Minn. (51); Mexico, Mo. (50); Port Washington, Wis. (42); Dayton, Tex. (24); West Milton, Ohio (31); Kirksville, Mo. (56).

Community Service and world affairs. They attend District Conferences and see Rotary in action. Some have had the opportunity of attending Rotary's international Conventions and have seen it operate on a large scale. They have rubbed shoulders with men from around the globe, who believe as they do in fulfilling the Objects of Rotary. . . .

Do not be callous in your thoughts of the newer member; give him a pat on the back if he is in there pitching, doing the work that you as an old-timer with years of attendance stars on your button have neglected.—*From The Rotarian of the Rotary Club of Lynwood, California.*

Reflections on Rotary Attendance

L. J. CARLETON, *Rotarian*
Dry-Goods Wholesaler
Manchester, New Hampshire

- A Always make a reasonable attempt to attend Rotary meetings.
- T To every member an attendance obligation exists.
- T The regulations on Rotary attendance are reasonable.
- E Every member should be familiar with Rotary attendance regulations (Article IV, Section 7).
- N No Rotary Club can be highly successful with a low attendance record.
- D Do not plan on the other members to keep attendance percentage high.
- A Absenteeism occurring often and consistently is a grave matter of official concern.
- N No Rotary Club should lack the full cooperation of every member.
- C Casual interest does not fulfill an obligation of a Rotary member.
- E Each member profits most as he serves best.

—*From the Bulletin of the Rotary Club of Manchester, New Hampshire.*

Gandhi—'True Rotarian'

KESHO RAM SEKHRI, *Rotarian*
Lawyer
Amritsar, India

You are aware of the troubles and turmoil through which we have passed immediately after partition. At one time we thought that the whole population had gone mad and men were behaving like beasts—cutting each other's throat—little realizing the harm they were doing to their country. The murder of Mahatma Gandhi was the greatest tragedy of our time. In him we had a true Rotarian. It was he who died serving humanity. His whole life had been a life of service above self.—*From a Rotary District Conference address.*

A Rotarian's Greatest Hour

GEO. W. OLINGER, *Rotarian*
Mortician
Denver, Colorado

When he appreciates that he is invited to Rotary membership because of his character and standing in the community;

When he understands that Rotary privileges are his own so long as he is worthy;

When he responds to the Rotary call

for service in Club and community, and gives generously of his earning power and of himself to others;

When he knows that every Rotarian, world-wide, is a potential, possible friendship, and does something about it;

When he is tolerant of men of every race and creed;

To do and to strive for all these things—

Then is a Rotarian at his best!

'A Charge to Keep You Have'

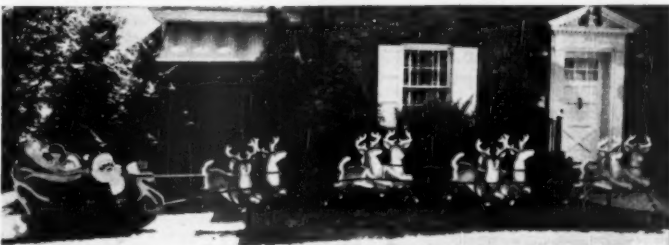
WILLIAM ANTHONY, *Rotarian*
District Manager, Publishing Co.
Baltimore, Maryland

When Chesley R. Perry, first Secretary of Rotary International, in 1911

started THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN, which eventuated in THE ROTARIAN, he mixed a cement that has held all Rotary together in a dignified and valuable way for all these years since the first issue appeared. Because THE ROTARIAN is in reality a house organ which now wears the long, sedate pants of top-flight journalism.

Whether the Rotary member is a scholar or a cleric or a businessman or a professional man, or what, this periodical is welcome and helpful, and takes its place among the best that comes. And, if nothing else, it knocks softly at your door each month and says: "Remember, you are a Rotarian. A charge to keep you have."—*From an address to the Rotary Club of Towson, Maryland.*

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Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

to tell a very crude and smutty story. When the time came that the spontaneous burst of laughter should have come from my one-man audience, there was silence. There was an expression on his face such as one would have if he had a bad taste in his mouth. He was not even looking at me, but past me.

As I was blocking the entrance, I did not know there was someone wanting by. My friend motioned me to step aside, with the following remark: "George, would you mind stepping aside? A gentleman wants past."

I turned, and there stood the most repulsive-looking man I have ever set eyes on. He was more like a gorilla than a man. One of the laborers on the midway, he was unshaven, dirty, with oil-soaked and shabby overalls covering about 225 pounds of humanity. As repulsive as he was, the gate keeper had said, "George, would you mind stepping aside? A gentleman wants past."

The next time you start to tell a joke that is not clean, look around and see if there is a real gentleman present.

Re: Rotary Road Signs

By R. L. PURRINGTON, Electronics Mfr.
Secretary, Rotary Club
Winchester, Massachusetts

We Winchester Rotarians noted in the *Talking It Over* columns of THE ROTARIAN for September the reference to Rotary road signs. We agree that the time of the meeting should be visible to motorists going through town at a fairly rapid rate. We believe ours answer that requirement [see cut]. (That's President Charles Murphy, Past Presidents Nick Fitzgerald and Donald Simmons, and myself in the picture.) We recently refinished and repainted two old signs and added three more, which gives us five spread around on the various approaches to Winchester. Of equal importance to visibility in a sign, we believe, is to have it kept in such condition as to be a credit to the Club and the organization of which it is a member.



Signs which do a job for Winchester.

THE ROTARIAN

Socialized Medicine in Britain

Plan Starting Smoothly—Says Dr. Stephen Taylor

[Continued from page 25]

personality, and organizing capacity, Mr. Aneurin Bevan. Born in a miner's family in a poverty-stricken Welsh valley, he saw the bitterness of mass unemployment and the rising tuberculosis and infant-death rate figures. These experiences burnt into his soul, and he dedicated himself to the task of fighting poverty, squalor, and ill health with all the violent energy of his Welsh soul.

For success in the health scheme, he had to carry with him his own party, the municipalities, the governors of the 1,500 private charity hospitals, the medical specialists, and the general practitioners. On each of these he had to inflict hard blows. The Labour party and the municipalities both favored a municipal hospital service. Mr. Bevan lifted the hospitals entirely from municipal control, and created new bodies, the regional hospital boards, each covering many municipal areas, to take over all the hospitals, including the private charity or "voluntary" hospitals.

For the future, each of the 14 boards was to be financed directly by the British Treasury. Each board was given the duty of grouping its hospitals into viable units so that perhaps four small "cottage" hospitals and two specialized hospitals—for, say, tuberculosis and orthopedics—were linked with one larger general hospital. For the whole group, a common specialist service was appointed, and over the group a hos-

pital management committee was set up.

The specialists in the hospitals are paid part-time or whole-time salaries. Once specialist status is achieved, usually at about the age of 32, the salary ranges are from £1,600 to £2,650 (\$6,400 to \$10,600), with an extra "distinction allowance," to be won by the most eminent tenth of the profession. This allowance ranges from £500 to £2,500 (\$2,000 to \$10,000) a year. Part-time specialists are paid proportionately for the hours of work they do, and are permitted private practice. No patient in any general ward may be charged any fee, and of course the hospital recovers no costs.

There are two classes of private wards. The first, charged at about £3 a week, are available to those who want privacy but do not wish to pay medical fees. These wards are available, without charge, to any who need privacy on medical grounds. At present, far too few of these wards are available to meet existing needs. The second type, in private hospital blocks, are more numerous; here the patient must pay the full cost, £14 to £16 (\$56 to \$64) a week, and medical fees as well. There is, however, a ceiling fixed for medical fees in all but a few wards.

The specialists have also to provide a home consulting service for those who, for any reason, are unable to be moved to hospital. This, being a part of the

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

REMEMBERING names and faces may be easy for you—but how about facts? These questions are based on articles you've read in this issue of *The Rotarian*. Your memory for facts is good—if you score 80 or better. Answers are on page 58.

1. Ernest Haycox's guest editorial states that one of these alone will not build a better world. Which one?
Money. Words. Treaties.
2. Through what commodity has Philip Barling endeared himself to Britons?
Tea. Crumpets. Fat.
3. America's "half-open" production secret is related to:
Development of more coal mines. Atomic energy. Wiser use of manpower.
4. What are the psychologists trying to find out for Joey?
What his I. Q. is. Who will be good parents for him. What his life expectancy is.
5. You'd have no trouble in Rocky Point, N. C., identifying one of these men. Which one?

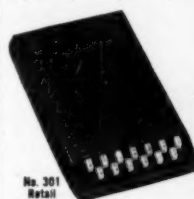
George Washington Tuskegee.
Booker T. Carver.
Singleton C. Anderson.

6. If it weren't for the insect *Tachardia lacca*, you'd have to learn to do without:
Honey. Hump. Shellac.
7. In making a will, you shouldn't do one of these things. Which one?
Designate an executor. Inform others of its conditions. Review it occasionally.
8. Scientists have just developed two of these. Which is the exception?
Self-cleaning house paint. Plastic hamburger-patty maker. Self-inflating automobile tires.
9. If you're one of these types, you especially liked Reviewer Frederick's column this month:
I-love-a-mystery type. Western-story type. Nature-loving type.
10. In Pueblo, Colo., there's a special workshop for one of these groups:
Orphans. Wayward boys. Spastic-paralysis victims.

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national health service, is available without charge.

Broadly speaking, the specialists are satisfied with the new arrangements. Most of them, especially the younger ones, are better off than they were, though none can hope to rise to the dizzy financial heights a few attained in the past. But generous pension provisions more than make up for this.

The cost of the hospital and specialist service is by far the biggest item in the scheme's budget. Initial estimates were far too low. The total is about 160 million pounds (640 million dollars), and it will rise as restrictions on capital development can be lifted. For Britain's hospitals have stood in need of upgrading for many a long year. In the future, the job will be done not piecemeal, but as part of an over-all plan, with first developments at the points of greatest need.

On the general-practitioner side, the greatest controversy has centered over the abolition of the sale of goodwill of medical practices (which is to cost the nation 66 million pounds [264 million dollars] in compensation, but which will open medical practice to all without capital or borrowing power) and the method of payment adopted. The general practitioners are now paid on a capitation-fee basis. Patients choose their doctor, and he receives 18 shillings (\$3.60) a year for each patient on his list, whether he sees that patient 20 times or not at all. The ceiling is fixed at £4,000 (\$16,000), though many doctors have had to be allowed to exceed this. About 95 percent of the population have registered with a doctor, and

the remaining 5 percent have either not yet bothered to do so or have decided to carry on as private patients. And any doctor may take what private patients he wishes, in addition to his health-service patients.

Medicines are dispensed on doctor's prescriptions by commercial chemists who recover their costs from the scheme, and there is no limit of cost, though a doctor may be pulled up by his local medical committee for extravagant prescribing. Imagine how this helps the diabetic, or the patient with pernicious anemia whose weekly drug bill has been a constant anxiety.

Spectacles are dealt with similarly by opticians. Dentists are paid on generous piecework scales. And appliances, such as artificial limbs, belts, and wheelchairs (motor driven if necessary), are supplied through the hospital service.

All in all, the scheme is working with remarkable smoothness. To be freed from all financial anxiety over the cost of ill health is, people say, a worth-while return for the high level of taxation which the scheme necessitates. Its total cost is about 250 million pounds (one billion dollars) a year, or about £5 per head of the population.

Of course, it is in its infancy yet. It will take us 20 years to provide the kind of scheme we want to see, with modern hospitals, sanatoria, and nurses' homes; with general practitioners working from municipally provided health centers; with the emphasis shifted to the maintenance of health rather than the treatment of ill health. But the foundations are well laid. We are going ahead.

Socialized Medicine in Britain

Endangers the Nation—Says Sir Ernest Graham-Little

[Continued from page 25]

cost of a Service thus remunerated, and they were compelled to cut down this scale by about half. Since then a further cut has been made, so that in the space of a few weeks the profession has received three different offers. The sense of insecurity thus engendered has created justifiable alarm.

The Labour party has long made it clear that it would like to see a full-time salaried health service in which the medical practitioner would be completely controlled by the Government. The medical profession has feared this fate so strongly that it has fought for, and secured, an Amending Act making such a change impossible without the consent of Parliament.

It must be kept in mind throughout that up to the present, no effort has been made to put a limit to incomes made by medical practitioners, and no settlement has yet been reached as to fees

and other circumstances affecting the medical practitioner, as distinct from the dental practitioner.

With a medical profession thoroughly dissatisfied, and, indeed, alarmed, it is not surprising that the Service itself has suffered, and correspondence in the lay and medical press gives a very convincing indication of the general dissatisfaction of both patients and doctors under the new conditions.

There is already a widespread movement, amongst doctors, to resign from the Service. The British Dental Association, representing the dental profession, has just issued a manifesto advising its members to resign from the Service, rather than consent to lower the status of the profession by doing inferior work.

To make a living from medical practice in the new Service, the practitioner must accept some 4,000 patients on his list. It is clearly impossible to give

proper attention to such a number, and the medical attention patients are now receiving is worse than at any recent time in the history of the profession. The waiting lists for admission to the hospitals under the National Health Service are longer than ever. Under pressure from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the administration has now been compelled to make a cut of 10 percent in the expenditure on the hospitals alone in the new Service, with the corresponding loss of efficiency in that field, and the closing down of yet more beds. It may be remarked that the cut has already produced a situation in which the waiting list for admission to hospitals reaches 50,000.

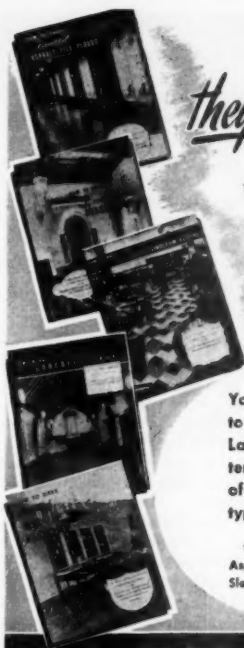
THE workings of the plan in respect to benefits are difficult to follow. As the Lord President has pointed out, every adult citizen has in fact paid in full through taxation for any benefits offered.

But, these benefits are refused to patients of doctors not on the Health Service list, although these patients have, in fact, paid in full for such benefits. On the other hand, by a still more curious freak of judgment, the benefits are available in full to visitors to this country, although they have contributed not a single penny piece to their cost.

That there has been an immense miscalculation in the formation of the estimates for the cost of the Health Service is clear from the fact that it was started with an estimate of 150 million pounds for the first nine months, for England and Wales alone, but during that time it has exceeded that figure by 58 million pounds, making the total cost 208 million pounds. To quote but three items of expenditure, the Dental Service, which had been estimated at 7 million pounds, grew in nine months to 17,750,000 pounds; the Ophthalmic Services from 2 million pounds to 12,900,000 pounds; and the Pharmaceutical Services exceeded the original estimate by nearly 4 million pounds.

The estimate for England and Wales for the coming year has already grown to the sum of 260 million pounds, and this without the provision of health centers—the most expensive single item yet to be met, for it calls for a vast provision of buildings. The failure to provide these health centers, which have been described by the Minister as “a key feature in the reconstruction of the country’s Health Services,” has been a grievous disappointment and burden to the general practitioner in the Service, who had been promised consulting rooms, secretarial help, etc., the provision of which was held out as one of the chief attractions of the new Service.

The unchecked growth of expenditure by the Health Services is causing shock and alarm among thoughtful men at the threat it makes to the whole economy of the country.



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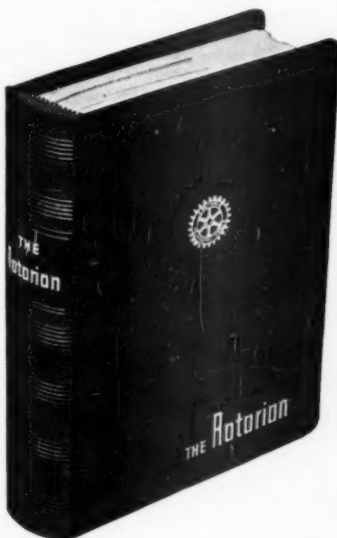
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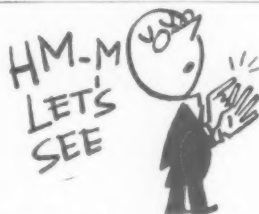
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The Marshall Plan and Europe Today

(Continued from page 10)

Committee of European Coöperation, of which I have the honor to be president, promises to give more amplitude and more dynamism to this common policy.

Naturally, there will be differences of opinion. In this respect, there are two principles of which I wish to speak to you. It was said that, in Paris, the principles of a common policy came into conflict with the partisans of a policy of austerity, on the one hand, and, on the other, with the advocates of the policy of plenty. That is tantamount to saying that there is opposition between the partisans of a free spending policy and those of a directed economy.

So far as I am concerned, I think there is nothing more insincere than a controversy or discussion between the followers of a policy of austerity and those of plenty. Fundamentally, I do not know a single advocate of the policy of austerity. Understand, there are countries which have supported a policy of austerity with great courage—which have had to support it because of the sacrifices to which they were constrained by the war—but no one has ever voluntarily chosen such a course.*

Do you think that a single statesman, being able to confer abundance upon his country, would have preferred austerity? One may be forced to limit the spending and the standard of living of a people because of the consequences of the war, for example.

I am convinced that those who are compelled to it have only one thought: plenty as soon as it can be made available in order to procure as quickly as possible an improvement in the standard of living for the whole population.

The crux of the matter is the particular situation of each country. What good would it do to adopt a high standard of living if it could not be long maintained?

A European country such as ours may have a better status than the others. Yet, if the status of its large neighbors and customers remains precarious and bad, this prosperity would prove quite transitory. *That is why I am convinced that, for the Western countries, the problem is to save all together lest all perish.*

When we examine our position, which is due to various influences, the discussion does not bear upon the principle of austerity or of plenty, but, most certainly, upon the establishment of a general line of conduct from a balance point between liberalism and directed economy. There are few discussions so false as those which take place between the advocates of spending and those of directed economy.

*See ERP—As the British See It, by Donald McLachlan, February, 1949, ROTARIAN.

Although new evidence leads us to believe that there are new advocates of spending, I affirm that few of them are entirely orthodox as I hope there are no pure advocates of directed economy. Who would still dare to say he is rather Manchesterian? Doubtless, he would be so just so long as his own interests are not compromised. I hold that there are no pure advocates of spending, just as there are no pure conservatives either.

I think this is a problem which faces our generation. For all that, if we wish to organize Europe, we shall have to work out a detailed plan. We shall have to discuss it among ourselves, bow to inevitable limitations, contract certain obligations. This, in some measure, implies directed economy. I uphold this form of economy because, without it, there is no way to achieve our purpose.

The question is how to avoid impeding individual effort and private initiative. It is not a question here of tendencies toward spending or economy, but indeed of once more finding equitable terms for adjustment. Then especially will private initiative and individual effort be given the maximum opportunity.

It was in that spirit that, in Paris, we approached the study of our big problems. Of the great principles that we formulated to effect a common European policy, the following must be maintained from the very beginning: on the national level, 1949 must be the year of the financial and monetary stabilization of Europe. If we can succeed in that, it will change the face of Europe and we can enter upon a new phase. Were the financial and monetary situation reestablished, were all the monetary barriers and obstacles eliminated, we could approach the real problem which remains to be solved, that of currency convertibility. From that moment, all the other principles will appear in a different light.

If we consider the rather large deficit of the commercial balance of Europe with relation to the United States, we must endeavor to increase our exports to the United States. And here let me add that in the eventuality that, at the

Answers to Klub Quiz, Page 55

1. Words (page 6).
2. Fat (page 17).
3. Atomic energy (page 14).
4. Who will be good parents for him (page 18).
5. Singleton C. Anderson (page 26).
6. Shellac (page 15).
7. Inform others of its conditions (page 33).
8. Self-inflating automobile tires (page 35).
9. Nature-loving type (page 40).
10. Spastic-paralysis victims (page 42).



Themed to views of those who favor European union, this cartoon by Poinier in the Detroit, Mich., Free Press, is titled No Crop until the Trenches Are Filled.

end of the Marshall Plan, commercial relations between Europe and the United States are not better adjusted, it would be expedient to make good the deficit in the commercial balance by allowing Europe to sell more.

Naturally, there is another way: the restriction of American exports to Europe. That is precisely the one I do not favor, for I do not wish to do anything to hinder expansion. Every policy of austerity and restriction is undesirable in this respect. The solution of the problem must be found in general expansion even though, at the present time, we are obliged to increase our exports and decrease our imports.

We must hope that this decrease of our American imports will become unnecessary and that we can compensate for the deficit by an increase of exports to the United States.

We have thus tried to coordinate European investments. That is essential because, in an earlier plan, we discovered that all countries obeyed the same law and the same desire to invest and to create as many new industries as possible. But what the interested parties did not bother to inquire was who would buy all these new products.

When they collated the investment plans of all the European countries, when they studied by what coefficient they had to multiply in regard to the prewar period, and when they added the figures representing the different plans for investment, it became apparent that coordination was imperative if we would avoid useless repetition, as well as unemployment, overstocking, and a slump in business.

It is obviously beside the question to say that all this was achieved speedily and that the Belgians, the Dutch, the English, and the French immediately reached an agreement. Nevertheless, I must say that all these practical and

technical difficulties do not disturb me very much: they are inevitable. The important thing is to find out how the coordination can be arranged. We must not allow ourselves to become discouraged.

The real problem is to convince public opinion that, to obtain any hope of recovery, it will for some time have to consent gladly to certain sacrifices in the general interest. I am convinced that this problem is of prime importance and that it will mark a turning point in the situation. For the moment, we are not at that turning point, although the period is one of revision in the policies of statesmen.

IN THE present case, it is better to envisage an absolutely straight line of conduct. We are face to face with truly capital problems, important and grave problems. When you see the objects of our internal disputes, you must recognize that these problems, important in another way, are going to determine Europe's destiny.

Sometimes it may seem as though I am not very realistic when I speak of the decline of Europe. Believe me, Western civilization would not be the first to know decline. History tells us there have been civilizations far more brilliant than ours whose only remains are a few stones and several ruined monuments.

We must comprehend that, if we do nothing, if we remain disunited in the presence of such strong rivals as the United States and the U.S.S.R., Europe will never fulfill its destiny, which is at stake. We have not lost our essential qualities if we can make the immediate sacrifices which are necessary; the possibility of our recovering all our political, intellectual, and moral radiance in the world is being offered us. And I assure you it is a task which is well worth the labor devoted to it.

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But in life there was only one George W. Pike.

Proof of this epitaph was submitted by Dr. E. C. DENISON, of Sheridan, Wyoming, who was a consulting physician at the time of Pike's last illness, and who attended the funeral.

An inquiry which eventually spanned the Atlantic was started after two Harbor Beach, Michigan, Rotarians—PAUL C. PHILBRICK and A. W. REDFIELD—were aroused by an epitaph published in a Rotary Club publication, and attributed to a stone of 1508 in Kirby Cemetery, Essex, England.

It read:

When pictures look alive and talk,
When ships, like fishes, swim beneath the sea,
When men, outstripping birds, shall soar the sky
Then half the world deep drenched in blood, shall die.

ROTARIAN PHILBRICK checked with ROTARIAN PERCY RYCROFT, of Gorleston-on-Sea, Suffolk, England, and found that the stone does not exist. The report revealed that their inquiry was not the only one which had been made. The Vicar of Kirby personally answered more than 400 letters from all over the world, denying the truth of the alleged tombstone. At one time a news-reel camera crew arrived with all equipment, requesting permission to photograph the stone which did not exist.

The question was taken up with the Royal Archaeological Society, ROTARIAN PHILBRICK was informed, and the verdict was that it must be a hoax. The wording is modern, and not right for the year 1508.

The first epitaphs were written in Latin, so only the gentry and the scholars used them on their tombstones. The first humor in the early epitaphs was therefore heavy and professorial. The stone on the grave of a doctor named "Caius" bears one of the shortest inscriptions:

FUI CAIUS (I was Caius).

However, a Dr. Maginnis ran him a close race with:

FINIS MAGINNIS.

During the Elizabethan era epitaphs began to appear on English tombstones in the English language, and on the stones of men of all walks of life. One Dr. Fuller's stone simply said:

Fuller's Earth.

An auctioneer was buried under:

Going, going, GONE!

In Westminster Abbey there is the famous epitaph to Ben Jonson:

O rare Ben Jonson!

And then there is the one to Richard Burbage, the actor who was a friend of William Shakespeare:

Exit Burbage.

When the fad spread to Scotland, a Scotsman willed that his stone carry the inscription: *Thomas Thorps, His Corpse.* His widow, however, refused to pay for such extravagance. She ordered one which reads: *Thorps' Corpse.*

Perhaps one of the drollest ever written was this one to Lady O'Looney: *Here lies Lady O'Looney, Great-niece of Burke, commonly called the "Sublime"*

She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious.

Also she painted in water colors
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition.

She was first cousin of Lady Jones,
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.
This one honored a doctor:

Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard.
He filled up half of this churchyard.

And this one was for a Mr. Box:
Here lies one Box within another.
The one of wood was very good.
We cannot say as much for the other.

What's Your Hobby?

If you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, you may have your name listed in this column by dropping a line to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM. You are asked, however, to acknowledge any correspondence which the listing brings your way.

Bowling-Club Badges: Terence Henham (13-year-old son of Rotarian)—collects bowling-club badges; wishes to correspond with some Rotarians and exchange badges in Canada, New Zealand, and England), P. O. Box 278, Leeton, Australia.

Stamps: Sudhangshu R. Dey (15-year-old nephew of Rotarian)—collects stamps; will exchange Indian stamps, curios, snaps, match labels, etc., or teach Hindi, Bengali, or Gujarati in exchange for stamps from other countries), Patti Bldgs., Ellis Bridge, Ahmedabad No. 6, India.

Recipes: L. W. Wellington (collects recipes of special dishes popular throughout the Rotary world; interested in formation of a "Rotary Chef Club"), Caribou, Me., U.S.A.

Pennants: Jimmy Coopridier (14-year-old son of Rotarian)—collects pennants), 714 N. 4th St., Savre, Okla., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated "pen pals" as their hobby interest:

Harold L. Frederick, Jr. (18-year-old son of Rotarian)—would like to write to Boy Scouts of all ages in all parts of the world), 220 Noble St., Souderton, Pa., U.S.A.

James Weeks (15-year-old son of Rotarian)—desires correspondence with boys and girls of same age, especially in South America, Switzerland, Finland; interested in hunting, fishing, stamps), 415 E. Main St., Vermillion, So. Dak., U.S.A.

Jo Eilyn Phillips (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—would like pen friends from other countries; interested in reading, music, swimming), 645 Roger Ave., Kenilworth, Ill., U.S.A.

Carolyn Arnold (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—would like to write to youths same age; interested in reading, swimming, records), 347 W. Hamilton St., West Milton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Barbara Moore (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—wishes pen friends, preferably in U.S.A.; interested in music, films, dancing, swimming), Court House, Abertillery, England.

Nancy Erwin (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—desires English-speaking pen friends anywhere in the world), P. O. Box 398, Tomball, Tex., U.S.A.

Fay North (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—would like pen friends aged 16-19 in all parts of the world), P. O. Box 177, Taree, Australia.

Rustem Medora (15-year-old son of Rotarian)—would like pen friends; interested in stamps, photography, swimming, tennis, cycling), Jamsie Villa, Ellis Bridge, Ahmedabad 9, India.

Margaret Cairns (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—desires pen pals; interested in skiing, swimming, boating, reading, popular music, photography, movies, animals), P. O. Box 250 Huntsville, Ont., Canada.

Sallie Jo Beck (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—would like to correspond with girls aged 12-14; interested in interior decorating), P. O. Box 21, State Hospital, Morganton, N. C., U.S.A.

Marcia Miller (daughter of Rotarian)—would like pen friends aged 14-16 in Australia, England, Canada, New Zealand; interested in sports, interior decorating, fashion designing), 232 N. Scoville Ave., Oak Park, Ill., U.S.A.

Halfridur E. Pétursdóttir (20-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—wishes to correspond with young people throughout the world), P. O. Box 61, Siglufjörður, Iceland.

James Mathews (17-year-old son of Rotarian)—would like pen pals aged 16-20; interested in stamps, photography, animals, fishing, travel), Peotone, Ill., U.S.A.

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My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, The Rotarian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The following favorite is from A. A. Farrar, a Trenton, Ontario, Canada, Rotarian.

Many years ago when cars had cranks and not self-starters, I was trying to crank my car in front of the store I had but recently opened after my arrival in the town, and my small son was pulling the choke. In the midst of my difficulty, and thinking how I would express myself if my son were not in the vicinity, I noticed a well-dressed man watching me. Hoping to make another sale, I said, "Did you want to see me?"

"Not today," he replied. "I'm the Methodist minister and I have a car of my own!" And he walked away.

Tolerance

I realize each day I have to live,
The faults I must accept in folks I see,
But this is true, they all have good to give.

And have so much to overlook in me.

—FRANCES BROWN

Who's in the Family?

Here are some well-known partnerships whose two members, being related through birth or marriage, have the same last name. Can you name them?

1. V. _____ and I. _____ Castle.
2. O. _____ and W. _____ Wright.
3. P. _____ and M. _____ Curie.
4. C. _____ and M. _____ Lamb.
5. Y. _____ and H. _____ Menuhin.
6. J. _____ and R. _____ Dolly.
7. P. _____ and G. _____ Hartman.
8. C. _____ and W. _____ Mayo.
9. M. _____ and O. _____ Johnson.
10. J. _____ and A. _____ Iturbi.
11. F. _____ and A. _____ Astaire.
12. W. _____ and E. _____ Howard.
13. G. _____ and I. _____ Gershwin.
14. E. _____ and J. _____ Culbertson.

This quiz was submitted by Edward Dembitz, of New York, New York.

How's Your Plurality?

In the course of an extemporaneous talk you find you must use the plurals of a number of titles. How would you handle the following?

1. Aide-de-camp. 2. Court-martial. 3. Notary public. 4. Hors d'oeuvre. 5. John Dory. 6. Infant prodigy. 7. Man-of-war. 8. Attorney general. 9. Governor general. 10. Ignis fatuus. 11. Brigadier general. 12. Auto-da-fé. 13. Judge ad-

vocate. 14. Son-in-law. 15. Gentleman's gentleman. 16. Franc-tireur. 17. Cousin german. 18. Finnan haddie. 19. Table d'hôte. 20. Jack-in-the-box.

This quiz was submitted by Gerard Mosler, of Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

Quizzical Dog Show

Here are some popular breeds of dogs whose names are disguised in phrases. For example, a monastery dog could be a St. Bernard. What breed of dog could be called:

1. A Joe Louis dog. 2. A bus dog. 3. A mess-call dog. 4. A windy-valley dog. 5. A hurrying dog. 6. A couch-cover dog. 7. A gory dog. 8. An overhead dog. 9. A North Pole dog. 10. A hale and hearty dog. 11. An athletic-director dog. 12. A lazy dog. 13. A rude dog. 14. A "hoot, mon!" dog. 15. An arresting dog.

This quiz was submitted by Stewart Schenley, of Monaca, Pennsylvania.

The answers to these quizzes will be found on the following page.

In Embryo

A scientist, true to his heart's desire,
Seeks unheard-of treasure in muck and mire,
And holds gooey clay in a hopeful fist—
Perhaps your young son is a scientist.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

Twice Told Tales

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Too Late!

A plous lady who lived by herself was quite put out because her neighbors had not invited her to go with them on a picnic. On the morning of the outing, however, the picnicers relented and asked her to join them.

"It's too late," she snapped. "I've already prayed for rain."—The Okmulgee, OKMULGEE, OKLAHOMA.

Obeying Orders

The tiny boy had been taken for an automobile ride by a friend of the family. On his return his mother said to him, "Did you thank Mr. Banks for taking you for a ride?"

There was no answer. The mother repeated her question, but still there was no answer. "Jimmie," she said, "did you hear me?" "Yes," whispered Jimmie, "but he told me not to mention it."—The Wheel, JAMAICA, NEW YORK.

A Bit Different

A class was asked to write an essay on Quakers. One little girl closed hers in this fashion: "Quakers are very meek people who never fight and never answer back. My father is a Quaker—but

my mother isn't."—*Savannah Rotary*, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

Please Take Over

The baby had cried and fretted all day and the young mother was nearly frantic. When her husband came home in the evening, she described her experience.

"Well, remember," he told her cheerfully, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

About 8:30, with the baby crying again, she said to hubby:

"I'm going to a movie, darling, so for the next couple of hours you assume world domination."—*Buzz Saw*.

No Help Wanted

Jim: "Just heard about your new job."

John: "Yeah?"

Jim: "Yeah. And from what I hear you should be fired with enthusiasm."

John: "That's the trouble. I was."—*The Locomotive*.

No Sale

Roadside sign: "Fancy work for sale." Not interested, thank you. We have plenty of work of our own, both plain and fancy.—*Rotary Hub*, HORNBELL, NEW YORK.

Just As Good

A very conscientious housewife engaging a new maid asked nearly as

many questions as are asked in a civil-service examination.

"Have you," she inquired sternly, "any religious views?"

"No, ma'am, I haven't," answered the girl, "but I've got some dandy snapshots of Niagara Falls and the Great Lakes."—*Rotarygrams*, RIVERHEAD, NEW YORK.

Crowded

Young man: "I'd marry Shirley tomorrow if I could only find a house to live in."

Friend: "Why don't you move in with her parents?"

Y. M.: "Can't. They're living with their parents."—*The Propeller*, VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA.

Answers to Quizzes on Page 62

Pointier, 11. Scotty, 12. Police, 13. Kimo, 10. Hucky, 11. Coach, 12. Setzer, 13. 5. Algram, 7. Bloodhound, 8. Saxe, 9. 6. hound, 3. Chow, 4. Alameda, 5. Dachshund, 6. Quizzical Dog Show, 7. Boxer, 2. Greyhound, 3. Jack-in-the-boxes, 20. Table, 18. Pinner, 19. Haddes, 10. Cossins, 16. Francis-Thours, 17. 18. 19. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

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Limerick Corner

Limericks are not a product of Limerick, Eire—that is, all of them aren't. Rather, they come out of the minds of people in all parts of the world, in large cities and small hamlets, in pretentious homes and cozy cottages, in castles and Quonset huts. So the field of limerick writing is open to all. Why, then, not think up the first four lines of a limerick and send them to The Fixer, in care of *The Rotarian* Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois? If your contribution is selected as the limerick-contest winner of the month, you will receive \$5. It doesn't pay to delay.

The winning limerick which you see below came from Marjorie McLean, of Rocky River, Ohio. Note it carefully, then send in your last line to The Fixer. If he selects a line from you as one of the "ten best," you can be certain of one thing: a \$2 check will be on its way to you soon. Closing date: December 15.

SANE SWAIN?

I recall one Roger Q. Lain,
An exhibitionistic young swain,
At his girl's slightest wish
He would swallow six fish.

TRIGHS SIGHS

Had any experience at looking into the accusing eyes of a traffic "cop"? If you have, or if you haven't, you may, or may not, have had sympathy for the maiden who tried it. Recall the bob-

tailed limerick giving the details in *The Rotarian* for June? Here it is again:

The maiden, with heart-rending sighs,
Looked up in the traffic cop's eyes.

"Was I speeding?" she cooed,
But the copper was rude.

The Fixer selected these "ten best" last lines to finish it:

"Just naturally 'fast,' I surmise."
(Philip M. Ray, member of the Rotary Club of Prince Rupert, British Columbia, Canada.)

Her sighs turned to sighs, I surmises.
(Mrs. Jessie S. Camp, secretary to a Cranston, Iowa, Rotarian.)

"What a race! Here's ticket—your prights."
(Alice Wheeler, Schenectady, New York.)

"Did you think you were flying the skiffs?"
(E. A. Freeman, Pasadena, California.)

And his eyes told her eyes he was wise.
(Anthony C. Morcom-Green, President of the Rotary Club of Onehunga, New Zealand.)

And said, "Time alone safely flies."
(Akey R. Smith, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Plattsburg, Missouri.)

To these speeding coo-queffes he was wise!
(Aquina G. Shea, Glyndon, Minnesota.)

Said, "I'm allergic to all alibis."
(Mrs. Philip Livingston, wife of a Paso Robles, California, Rotarian.)

"Your 'dumbness,'" he said, "takes the prize."
(L. Newton Hayes, member of the Rotary Club of Plattsburg, New York.)

Said, "More brains and less gas I advise."
(Mrs. H. J. Platt, wife of a Westport, New Zealand, Rotarian.)

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WRITE FOR LITERATURE

Last Page Comment

THERE ARE "WEEKS" these days for almost everything under the sun. There are National Cat Weeks and Waffle Weeks, and World This-and-That Weeks. But unless we ourselves are promoting cats or waffles or this-and-that, we only yawn and turn the page. Now, however, there comes a Week so different and so meaningful as to make bracketing it with the others impossible. We refer to UNITED NATIONS WEEK October 17-24.

HERE IS A WEEK people around the earth will want to celebrate. They have seen their U. N. come through four trying, turbulent years intact. They have watched it score in every quarter of the globe the many solid gains Trygve Lie reported in the August number of this magazine. They want to see the U. N. succeed. Thus they will observe the coming Week and its climaxing United Nations Day October 24—if they know about it.

ROTARY'S PRESIDENT, Percy Hodgson, is determined that, to the limit of Rotary's ability, they shall know about it. He has proclaimed October 17-24 as "United Nations Week in Rotary International." "To realize the splendid opportunities of this event calls for intensive preparations," he notes, and he appeals to every Rotary Club in the world to take the lead in spark-plugging community-wide observances that reach every man, woman, and child. Ideas for such celebrations abound. Let there be a United Nations Week in every one of the 6,900 towns in 80 countries where there are Rotary Clubs!

THAT GARBLED PRESS REPORT from the New York Convention seems to have started something. We refer, in case you're wondering, to the one that attributed to Rotary a slap in the face of the profit motive. We have had several letters about it. A few newspaper and magazine editors have

frowned. And we see that one of our distinguished contemporaries is "genuinely sorry to see Rotary bow to the loud talk by fellow travellers and other people who confuse profit with greed."

Well, the facts of the case are pretty clearly set forth in a recent statement by President "Perce" Hodgson and Secretary Philip Lovejoy. You'll find it on page 4. The profit idea is just as sound as ever. And "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" will continue to appear on letterheads and mastheads of hundreds or thousands of Rotary Clubs, just as it has for years.

ON OFFICIAL LITERATURE of Rotary International, however, it will be omitted. The reason should be understandable to anyone who has wrestled with the semantic problem of turning thoughts expressed in one language into another with precision. We've never taken time to count up, but probably 40 languages are spoken in the 80 or so countries in which there are Rotary Clubs. The difficulty of translating the motto into several languages was demonstrated a few years ago. Someone had it put into Spanish. That translation was sent to France, and the result was sent to another country. So the motto went from land to land, each time in a different tongue. Finally, the motto came home and even the late Arthur Sheldon wouldn't have recognized his child. It read something like this: "He gets the most who gets it first."

"HE PROFITS MOST Who Serves Best" goes on, just as before—an unofficial slogan along with "Service above Self." It has been and will be used with high favor by many Rotarians and Rotary Clubs. But because of reasons cited, its use on official literature will be discontinued.

THE 1950 ROTARY REUNION at Detroit, Michigan, next June 18-22 will be unique. To non-Rotarian Detroiters it will look

very much like the one held there in 1934, for it will have outstanding speakers, a House of Friendship, and craft assemblies. But it will be different. Except during World War II years when transportation was curtailed, each of Rotary's Annual Conventions since they started in 1910 has been open to all Rotarians. But at Detroit attendance will be limited to ten categories, of which chiefest are Club delegates (one for each 50 members or major fraction thereof), alternates, and proxies.

Such "delegates' Conventions" are to be held hereafter in even years. In odd years attendance will be unrestricted.

The reason for the smaller gatherings in alternate years is, of course, that few cities in the world have facilities to handle a full Rotary reunion. So to avoid convening in a diminishing circuit of metropolises, the Board has developed the "delegates' Convention" plan. But in the necessity lies a virtue. The reduced size of the even-year reunions will favor more intimate fellowship and widespread participation.

TO U.S.A. ROTARIANS— especially to fathers of girls and boys in the armed forces—news that the USO has been reactivated is good news. For the distinguished record of the United Service Organization is an earnest of what it will do in these days of peace.

Today there are approximately 1,600,000 active U. S. servicemen, we are told. Few of them are professional fighters; most of them are civilians in uniform. They are younger than their wartime predecessors, and they are scattered to remote places. Their need for clubs, lounges, and centers—veritable "homes away from home"—is obvious.

It is to the glory of America that the USO is financed entirely by private gifts, often through Community Chests. And it hardly needs to be added that American Rotarians, in the words of Past District Governor Leon Gibson, "will continue to give the USO the maximum cooperation as a project of top importance."

-your Editor

"THE ROTARIAN brings us business,"

says

L. A. Magnuson.

General Manager of Vogel-Peterson Co.



"We have advertised in The Rotarian for a number of years," writes Mr. Magnuson. "Long enough to feel its circulation grow from 185,000 to over 270,000. Still, when checking inquiries and sales from our advertising, I am always impressed with the apparent penetration into a community of The Rotarian.

"It brings us business not only from large industrial and commercial firms but also from schools, churches, lodges, institutions, banks, department stores, small specialty stores . . . even from doctors and dentists.

"It not only goes to men in our primary markets but because of their widespread interests provides, in addition an economical way to introduce our products to innumerable small secondary markets as well."

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This is typical of comments from national advertisers who are using The Rotarian—a timely monthly magazine reaching key businessmen who buy and influence buying for their businesses, their homes, and their communities. Send today for facts and figures about this highly selective and responsive executive audience (now over 270,000 net paid) . . . There's no obligation.

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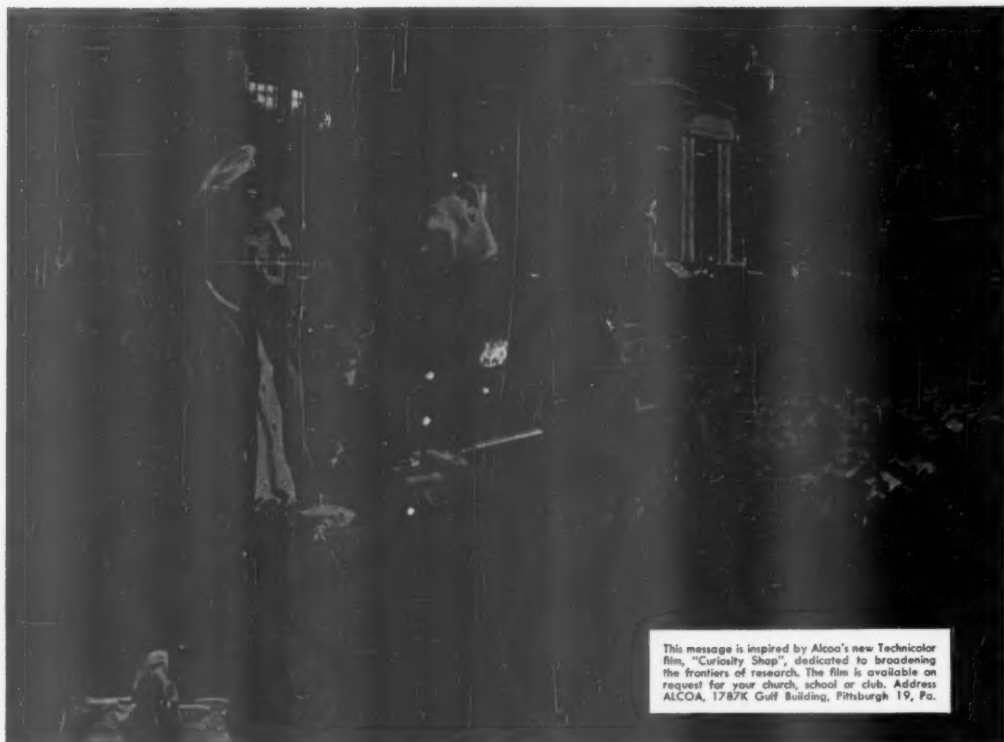
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THE Rotarian

35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois



This message is inspired by Alcoa's new Technicolor film, "Curiosity Shop", dedicated to broadening the frontiers of research. The film is available on request for your church, school or club. Address ALCOA, 1787K Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

The lights on the hill that brought you better living

And what keeps them burning...

By the big clock on the wall in Aluminum Research Laboratories, it won't be sunup for three hours yet. But inside those lighted windows, dawn is breaking now. The dawn of a new discovery.

Let's mark the date...

Was it the time Alcoa research men tested their new alloy, 75S, and proved it strong as steel—so your planes, trains, and even the plate that holds your piano strings could have giant strength with

feather weight? Or the time they discovered how to color aluminum, so you could have jewel-like home accessories for pennies? The time they found the way to make high-purity Alcoa Aluminum, that now carries high-tension loads of electricity from city to city?

Which time it was doesn't really matter.

What does matter to you is this: That there were men so absorbed in research that they forgot the clock. That others stood ready, in our mills, sales offices

and management offices to do the additional hard work that made the discovery practical. It matters that there were thousands of Alcoa stockholders with the courage to see profits used for growth, and for the research and plants that growth demands.

Those are the things that have made aluminum useful. Courage. Hard work. The challenge of the unknown.

They are the same things that have made America great. We know of no substitute for them.

—THE MEN AND WOMEN OF—

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